

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 309.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1833.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*A Narrative of Four Voyages to the Pacific, from the years 1822 to 1831.* By Capt. B. Morrell, jun. New York, 1833: Harper; London, O. Rich.

*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific.* By Mrs. A. J. Morrell. New York, 1833, Harper; London, O. Rich.

WHEN we meet with a book which claims attention as a work of taste and imagination, we examine it as such, and treat it accordingly; for an author who is comfortable at home, eats in quiet, sips his wine luxuriously, and takes a walk within the limits of his own garden, has no right to trouble us with crude notions or hastily written books. A man, however, who has crossed the Line often, and faced the storm in all latitudes—who has seen much, endured much, and discovered much, and has much that is new to tell us, is fully entitled to our courtesy. He does not depend for salvation on the merits of his style: he comes to us with presents from strange lands and new-discovered isles; and we are not to reject his gifts because of the manner in which he offers them. In short, when a man has a strange true tale to tell, we let him tell it his own way, and thank him for it; we even take his oddities of expression as so many proofs of his sincerity; but he who comes with a fiction on his tongue must make it acceptable with the attractions of style and conception. Some of our readers will see from this exordium that we look upon the *Narrative of Captain Morrell* as requiring indulgence: and we say at once that we have not lately met with a work more careless in its manner. As lovers of simplicity, we are often offended with the high-flown phrases, and the intoxication of spirit, with which dangers are encountered, new discoveries made, or savages slaughtered: that the Captain should rejoice too in the "striped and starred banner," is natural enough; but he rejoices too frequently; he walks on tiptoe whenever he talks of America. These are his faults; the list is not heavy: his beauties must not be passed over in such a summary way. He is sincere, honest, intrepid, and adventurous: though his four voyages were all of a mercantile nature, and his attention was much engaged in matters of loss and gain, he had always an eye to the voyages of future adventurers in the strange seas he sailed on, and the wild coasts which he explored; he sounded, and took observations, and made remarks regarding harbours, matters of traffic, and modes of communication with the wild tribes of continent and isle, which cannot but be advantageous to navigators of all countries. We have indeed seldom seen more information compressed into one volume.

The first voyage was to the North: it occupied Captain Morrell during the greater part of 1822 and 1823; he visited the coast of Patagonia, the Falkland Isles, and New

South Greenland, and encountered many dangers, and saw few wonders;—indeed, he is not a dealer in marvels: the storms are sharp ones, and the shores of the icy North rough and tempestuous, but not quite so fierce or so utterly desolate and rude as other navigators have represented them. Of this voyage we shall only say, that he makes the Patagonians a tall race, but not the giants they have been represented; and gives the following account of the Seals of Statenland in April 1823:—

"The seals which resort to the islands of this archipelago, as well as to other islands south of latitude fifty, are generally clothed in jackets of valuable fur. This species has been distinguished by naturalists merely for their size and shape; but there are other peculiarities connected with the history and habits of this animal, of a far more interesting nature, which I have never yet met with in print; a few of which I will endeavour to describe.

"In killing a female which happens to be with young, even in an advanced state of pregnancy, if the scull be pressed in by the sealing club in dealing the fatal blow, an exactly similar indentation will frequently be found on the scull of the fœtus. This fact is a practical illustration of the wonderful power of sympathy, and worthy the investigation of naturalists. Although modern philosophers have laboured hard to refute the idea of such sympathy in the human race, there are hundreds of credible witnesses ready to bear testimony to its existence in this particular species of marine animals.

"The striking disparity of size between the male and female is also worthy of remark. The large male is about seven feet in length, whereas the female never exceeds four feet. The large males are not the most numerous; but, being the most powerful, they are enabled to keep in their possession all the females. At the time of parturition, the number of males attending one female is in the proportion of about one to a dozen; a proof that these animals are the greatest polygamists in the world, not even excepting the Turks. That they are gregarious and social is evident to the most superficial observer who surveys their rookeries, where they herd together in classes and at different periods.

"Warmed by the cheering influence of an antarctic spring, the males of the largest size go on shore about the first of November, corresponding to our May, and there await the arrival of the females, which happens about the first of December. This of course is an annual assignation, and occurs as regularly as the migration of our northern shad from the ocean to the fresh-water rivers, for purposes perfectly analogous. As soon as the female seal makes her appearance at the edge of the beach, one of the most gallant of the males immediately takes her under his protection. It seldom happens, however, that he is not obliged to sustain his right by one or more serious combats with his rivals. While the males are fighting in the most desperate manner, the object of their bloody feud sits calmly looking on, contemplating the fray with apparent delight, and no little self-compacency. \* \* \*

"The proud victor now conducts his lovely prize from the late scene of contention up to the rookery prepared for her accommodation;

and this he does with a courtesy and tenderness of manner from which some husbands might derive a useful lesson. At almost every step he politely bows or nods to his new bride, and frequently touches her lips with his own. When the female has selected her lodgings, and become settled in the rookery, her partner is unremitting in his cares to afford her protection, and render her situation comfortable; nor does she evince the slightest indications of jealousy while he is showing the same polite attentions to a dozen other wives! Here, I believe, my former comparison does not exactly hold good."

The second voyage of Captain Morrell was in 1825 and 1826, and the mercantile speculations in which he was engaged carried him along the coast of South America, and treated him to an adventure in New California, which he tells in his own peculiar way:

"Just as we had finished our mid-day repast, and were collecting our horses together, a rustling in a neighbouring thicket arrested my attention, and the next instant a stag darted forth, and rushed across the valley directly towards our party. Fright must have deprived him of his usual quick-sightedness, for it was evident he did not perceive the new danger into which he was plunging headlong. One of my Californian friends threw his lasso just as I touched the trigger of my musket. The animal leaped high in the air, and fell dead on the spot. The ball had entered his forehead, and his huge branching antlers were completely entangled in the lasso, at the same moment.

"The hero of the lasso sprang from his horse, and while disentangling his successful instrument, he good-humouredly observed, that we must decide our right to the noble animal by a game at billiards. Just as I was signifying my assent to the proposition, a whizzing sound passed my ear, and the Californian exclaimed that he was wounded. An Indian arrow from the thicket had pierced his arm.

"An Apacherian! an Apacherian!" exclaimed every voice at once, as each man sprang upon his steed, and the whole party rushed into the thicket in search of the ambushed enemy. Nothing, however, was to be seen, until we had gained the summit of a little eminence on the south, when we discovered three Indians on horseback, riding in a south-eastern direction in a very deliberate manner. My wounded friend clapped spurs to his horse, and fired at the same time without success. We all joined in the pursuit, determined to chastise the assailants at all hazards. On seeing our purpose, they gave a horrid yell, and put their horses at full speed. This of course excited greater ardour in the pursuit. \* \* \*

"The south extremity of a bluff ridge, terminating in a rocky precipice, was soon to conceal the retreating savages from our view; and before passing it they had the audacity to wheel, and discharge their arrows in our faces. The next moment they were invisible. One of their arrows only took effect, piercing my bridle-arm just above the elbow. It was a mere scratch, but it had considerable effect in whetting my appetite for revenge. We doubled the precipice just mentioned, and instead of three, more than fifty mounted savages were paraded before us, each with his arrow notched and presented. This was unexpected, and for a moment my party gazed at each other in speechless dismay."

After a short parley, the Captain and his friends pretended to surrender themselves prisoners—then rushed upon the enemy, and gained as the fruits of victory eleven fine horses, a dozen bows, several wooden spears, and arrows without number, leaving many dead on the field of battle.

Of the third voyage it is enough to say, that it contains much information concerning the Cape of Good Hope, the native tribes of the interior, and the slave trade. The fourth voyage is by far the most important; it took place in the years 1829 and 1830. Capt. Morrell sailed in a ship well manned and well armed, and fit alike for defence or traffic. His wife, young, beautiful, and intrepid, accompanied him; and though to him the results were disastrous, as he had one-half of his crew massacred, and lost all the hopes of emolument for which his owners fitted him out, the results cannot but be highly advantageous to all maritime nations, as he not only discovered new islands, and new sources of traffic, but laid down with his usual care rules for sailing with safety in his track, and made remarks on the proper mode of intercourse with the untamed natives, of which he was admonished in several bloody lessons. The business of his voyage took him to Manilla, New Zealand, the Feejee Isles, New Hebrides, and the Montevideo Islands: its object was chiefly to collect a freight of *biche-de-mer*, a luxury in high estimation among the voluptuaries of China—it brings of course a high price, and is found in abundance on the shores of some of the isles which Morrell visited. Here is his account of it:—

"This mollusca is oblong, and of different sizes, from three to eighteen inches in length; and I have seen a few that were not less than two feet long. They are nearly round, a little flattish on one side, which lies next the ground, or bottom of the sea; and they are from one inch to eight inches thick. They crawl up into shallow water at particular seasons of the year, probably for the purpose of gendering, as we often find them in pairs. It is when the sun has the most power upon the water, rendering it tepid, that they approach the shore: and often into places so shallow, that on the tide's receding they are left dry on the coral reef, exposed to the heat of the sun. But they do not bring forth their young in shallow water, as we never see any of their progeny; and the full-grown ones are always seen coming in from deep water. They feed principally on that class of zoophytes which produce the coral.

"The *biche-de-mer* is generally taken in three or four feet water; after which they are taken to the shore, where they are split at one end with a knife, the incision being one inch or more, according to the size of the mollusca. Through this opening the entrails are forced out by pressure, and they are much like those of any other small tenant of the deep. The article is then washed, and afterward boiled to a certain degree, which must not be too much nor too little. They are then buried in the ground for four hours: then boiled again for a short time, after which they are dried, either by the fire or the sun. Those cured by the sun are worth the most; but where one *picul* (133½ lb.) can be cured that way, I can cure thirty *picul* by the fire. When once properly cured, they can be kept, in a dry place, for two or three years, without any risk; but they should be examined once in every few months, say four times a year, to see if any dampness is likely to affect them.

"The Chinese, as before stated, consider *biche*

*de-mer* a very great luxury; believing that it wonderfully strengthens and nourishes the system, and renews the exhausted vigour of the immoderate voluptuary. The first quality commands a high price in Canton, being worth ninety dollars a *picul*."

In pursuit of this luxury the Captain visited New Zealand, of whose people he gives a graphic account. In continuing his voyage towards "Bergh's Group," he lay down after the twilight to sleep; an ominous dream visited his slumbers. He describes it with a poetic force known only to first-rate writers of fiction.

"At length the broken fragments of a tragic picture seemed to be reunited, and the visions of my fancy assumed some orderly arrangement. I was sailing on an unknown coast, by moonlight, running before a gentle breeze, with every inch of canvass extended. Everything wore a sombre and melancholy appearance—the moon even seemed to look down upon me in pity, and the shore, as it glided past me, appeared to be peopled with spectres. I thought I was at the helm, and all alone. The deck was running with blood, and the idea now flashed across my mind that all my crew had been cut to pieces by pirates. My situation was lonely and dreary in the extreme, and I longed to hear the voice of a human being. In the next instant a shadowy form flitted past me without sound of footsteps, and mounted the cat-head. After looking out on the deep a few moments, he suddenly turned his face aft, and I recognised the countenance of my deceased friend, the youthful and amiable Samuel Geery. With his right hand and arm extended in the direction we were sailing, he suddenly exclaimed, in a loud voice, 'Breakers ahead, sir!'

"I was on deck, and had the helm hard down, before the officer of the watch had time to repeat the startling exclamation. My dream had become a frightful reality, and the warning voice which dissolved its vision was from the mast-head."

Escaped from one peril, he falls into another equally dangerous; nor was his wife present to strengthen and admonish him; his triumph was all his own: this happened at Young William's Island.

"I left my men in the boat, with orders to keep her afloat, and as nearly abreast of me as possible. I then walked confidently up to the five natives remaining on the beach, who timidly advanced to meet me, and I soon perceived that they were unarmed. When we had approached to within about twelve yards of each other, they all made a full stop for several minutes. At length one of them, who appeared to be the eldest of the group, stepped on one side to a small tree which grew near the beach, and broke off a small branch, which he held up to view. I immediately imitated his example, and reciprocated his proffer of amity, if for such it was intended. As I advanced to make the exchange, he at first drew timidly back; but after being joined by a female who had been watching our movements from a short distance, and who was probably his wife, the treaty of amity was duly ratified, and sealed by his making me a present of his tapper, or waist-cloth. His wife then gave me a little garland of wild flowers she had been braiding; and as if this had been a preconcerted signal, two lovely females, naked as they were born, darted from a neighbouring thicket, each with a similar token of affection, which they offered with the most bewitching grace conceivable. Heaven forgive me, if my wicked heart did violence to any one precept of the decalogue.

"These girls were about sixteen or seventeen, with eyes like the gazelle's, teeth like ivory,

and the most delicately formed features I have ever met with. In stature they were about five feet, with small hands, feet, and head, long black hair, and then those eyes, sparkling like jet beads swimming in liquid enamel! They had small plump cheeks, with a chin to match, and lips of just the proper thickness for affection's kiss. Their necks were small, and I believe that I could have spanned either of their naked waists with both my hands. Their limbs were beautifully proportioned, and so were their busts. Imagination must complete the bewitching portraits: I will only add the shade—their skin was a light copper colour."

On the 24th of May 1830, it was his misfortune to discover, in lat. 4° 50' 30" S., long. 156° 10' 30" E., a group of low, flat, and well-wooded islands, rich in soil, inhabited by a people of a very dark complexion, acquainted with war, but ignorant of firearms; friendly in speech, and treacherous in deed, and upon whose coral shores the *biche-de-mer* floated in shoals—a temptation which induced Captain Morrell to cast anchor, hold a parley with the natives, and purchase a piece of land from their chiefs, on which to construct a house for preparing the luxury for market. The islanders viewed this appropriation of their soil as an invasion, and prepared to resent it; they first stole all they could lay their hands on, and this included the smith's anvil, and the very iron he had heated: they then armed themselves, uttered their war cry, and attacked Mr. Wallace, a bold and stout Newcastle man, and sixteen of his comrades, who, though well armed, could not resist the impetuous onrush of several hundred warriors insensible to fear; thirteen of the men fell after a desperate resistance, in which four times the number of the savages were slain; and they would all have perished had not a well-manned boat hurried to their rescue, and took the survivors in. The fire of musketry, under which this was accomplished, exasperated without intimidating the islanders.

"The savages had now recovered from the panic produced by our handful of bullets; and seeing that the remainder of their prey was likely to escape their bloody fangs, they made a desperate and determined rush upon our boat; but before they could reach her, she was in deep water. A part of them then saluted her with a shower of arrows, while the main body flew to their canoes, and started in pursuit; every movement indicating a fixed determination to destroy the fugitives, or perish in the attempt.

"As the boat was very much lumbered up, with seventeen men on board, four of whom were badly wounded, it will naturally be expected that her progress was slow; consequently the canoes gained upon her very fast. As soon as the savages had approached within musket-shot of our boat, a well-directed fire was opened upon them from the latter; but the falling of their companions, instead of deterring these hell-hounds from their purpose, only incited them to rush on with the greater desperation. But the moment was now approaching when their intense curiosity, respecting those big hollow pieces of iron on the Antarctic's deck was to be fully gratified.

"The pursuers gained so fast upon our boat, that I began to fear her destruction would be inevitable. We brought the broadside of the schooner to bear on the canoes, by means of springs on our cables; the guns were all loaded with grape and canister, and the moment they came within distance, I waved to the officer of the boat to pull a little towards the stern of the

vessel, with twenty in boat. At opened her messenger's noes, two fragments

A fine Morrell ship, borrowing his taking him to the p he called Liles. H made up possible; chiefs; p trees and de-mer, a time. V pectedly who had his comm fractured slave; w himself; himself roasted of his su is somet

"In a of woes v de-mer—if so—com whisks nor woul until I h implede misery a the hum form tha at lengt should b was take full, and great len the vesse at down pair of p than sub my unh direct m tweezers reader r reader i I follow thrill th a showe streamin them, m with blo pelled to more h four day tion of another, still mor only up after the chief, w these b pined a that the fattened to me, f I set to these at underst them; n and I h way to

vessel, which brought all the canoes, about twenty in number, clear from the range of the boat. At this critical moment, the Antarctic opened her flaming battery, and despatched the messengers of death among the flotilla of canoes, two of which were literally dashed into fragments."

A fine breeze sprung up, and Captain Morrell sailed for Manilla, reinforced his ship, borrowed a round sum to aid in renewing his search for the *biche-de-mer*, and, taking his wife on board, returned once more to the place he had discovered, and which he called, with much reason, the Massacre Isles. He repulsed at once a fierce attack made upon him, and this he did as gently as possible; entered into negotiation with the chiefs; purchased a small island, raised a fortress and a large curing house for the *biche-de-mer*, and matters went on smoothly for a time. While the calm lasted, he was unexpectedly joined by Leonard Shaw, a sailor who had survived the attack on Wallace and his comrades: he was spared by a chief who fractured his skull with a club; was made a slave; was compelled to go naked and paint himself; and was finally desired to fatten himself that he might be eaten; for they roasted and ate all prisoners. His account of his sufferings—delivered in sad earnest—is sometimes laughable.

"In addition to all this, and as if my cup of woes was not full to overflowing, the younger devils—if I may be excused for calling them so—commenced an attack upon my beard and whiskers, pulling out the latter in large bunches; nor would they desist from their hellish sport, until I had, in the extreme agony of my soul, implored of them—in cries of such searching misery as to reach even a cannibal's heart—the humble privilege of being suffered to perform that exquisite act of torture myself. And at length it was decreed that mercy so far should be shown me. I wore, at the time I was taken, a very large pair of whiskers—long, full, and bushy; and my beard had grown to a great length, as I had not shaved since I left the vessel. Every hair of both these I coolly sat down to extract with my own hands and a pair of pearl-shells, used as tweezers, rather than submit to the outrageous method in which my unhalloved persecutors had thought to divest me of them. Every twitch with the tweezers drew tears from my eyes; and when the reader recollects the situation I was in, he will readily imagine that the blood flowed freely as I followed the operation. Every pull sent a thrill through my frame like the application of a shower of needles; and while my eyes were streaming with tears, thus cruelly wrung from them, my cheeks, and chin, and lips were clotted with blood. This torture, which I was compelled to inflict upon myself, or suffer it to be more harshly performed by others, occupied four days. . . . But while all this accumulation of monstrosities was heaping upon me, another, not less barbarous, rendered their effect still more severe. This was *hunger*! I lived only upon the gills, and fins, and bones of fish, after they had passed the table of *Henneen*, the chief, whose slave I was; and my allowance of these being insufficient for subsistence, I had pined away to a mere skeleton. Ascertaining that the rats upon the island were feasted and fattened upon the very offals which were denied to me, for the especial benefit of the chieftains, I set to work devising a plan to entrap some of these stall-fed luxuries. I had been given to understand it was a high crime to kill one of them; nevertheless my fortunes were desperate, and I had no hesitation in risking my life one way to save it another. In the darkness of

night I entrapped many a fat fellow, and feasted upon him in the silence of my seclusion with more true joy and a sweeter relish than the proudest monarch ever knew, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, when banqueting upon the choicest viands of the world. The rats alone saved me from death by starvation; and as an expression of my gratitude, I freely confess that I have revolted from that portion of the human family who have declared a war of extermination against their degraded race. I testify to the virtues of the species—I have tasted it."

The chiefs of the several isles collected their forces, and, uniting under Henneen, attacked the little fort with bows and arrows; they were dispersed, and their chief slain; but all hopes of commerce were at an end, and Morrell steered for his native land with a heavy heart, and an impaired fortune.

In the second volume named at the head of this article, Mrs. Morrell relates her adventures in the fourth voyage, in an easy, elegant, and concise way. We sympathize in their misfortunes, and think that the American Government might employ the Captain in their voyages of discovery; they are well off if they can find more efficient men.

#### LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—VOL. VIII.

*Waldemar*. By W. H. Harrison, Esq.  
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This is announced as a tale of the Thirty Years' War—we should have thought it was much older. It is, however, reasonably well told—has some bustle and incident—and must in these holiday times be received graciously. Under ordinary circumstances, the work would have been dismissed in our Library Table, but we are so anxious to see the name of a London publisher gracing the title-page of some work prefixed to a leading review, that we have resolved to extend our courtesy.

The outline of the story may be very briefly told. *Waldemar*, the hero, is residing in an old castle—all that has descended to him of the family estates—in seclusion, and almost in poverty, when a stranger, who has been out hunting in the forest, and lost his companions and his way, claims hospitality for the night. A friendship is of course struck up, on the occasion, and the stranger makes *Waldemar* promise that should he ever visit the capital, he will call at the palace, where he professes to have some influence, and ask for Baron Spitzvogel. This *Waldemar* soon finds it convenient to do. After some adventures, he reaches the palace, and after some seeming blunderings, he finds himself unexpectedly in the presence chamber of royalty,

And *Snowdon's Knight* is Scotland's King;—we beg pardon, Baron Spitzvogel turns out to be John George the Elector himself. The progress of the story is easily foreseen—*Waldemar* rises progressively to fortune and to fame, and then comes the marriage bell and the conclusion. But as "the course of true love never did run smooth," and there is something more to be done in the progress of a novel than simply to relate the fortunes of the hero, the honour and constancy of *Waldemar* are of course tried by a fiery ordeal; and out of these trials arise many, and some good, incidents, though not very original—one of the best scenes is in a prison in which *Waldemar* is confined by the Emperor.

"Count *Waldemar*," said the stranger, opening the conference, after a pause of a few seconds, "the emperor, with a solicitude for the welfare even of an enemy, is desirous of knowing if your comforts have been properly cared for; and if there be anything wanting to render the solitude of your imprisonment more endurable."

"Nay," was the reply; "a man must be more fastidious than I am, to quarrel with either my fare or my attendants; and, for the rest, life, limb, and liberty, are a soldier's stake, in the game of glory; and I may not murmur that my loss has been the least of the three. Life and limb are irretrievable; but liberty may be lost and won many times before the game be played out."

"And may be your's again, to-morrow, upon one only condition," remarked the other.

"Name it," returned *Waldemar*, "if it be such as a man of honour may listen to."

"Be you the judge of that; I have but to acquit myself of my errand. Abandon the cause of a rebel to his sovereign prince, for that of the emperor: and freedom, honour, and wealth await you," continued the visitor.

"Singular generosity!" exclaimed the count; "I marvel that the change of my religion was not annexed to the condition."

"The emperor does not wish to interfere with your religious scruples," said the stranger.

"Astorishing liberality!" was the reply. "That is to say, I may worship the devil, so I but fight for Ferdinand. Yet go on; freedom and wealth are the emperor's to bestow; but I am curious to know the honour which will accrue to me in the matter."

"His majesty will instantly prefer you to a high post in the army, and create you a count of the empire," answered the other. "Nay, more," he continued; "for should the catholic league prevail, there will be vacant electorates; and on whom would the emperor more worthily bestow them, than on those whose valour contributed to his success?"

"And these," remarked the count, "are the terms you were commissioned to propose to me?"

"You have them in the emperor's very words," was the answer.

"And will you be a faithful messenger of my reply?" asked *Waldemar*.

"Assure yourself," continued the other, "that every word of it will reach the imperial ear."

"Tell him, then," said the prisoner sternly, "that were the diadem of the *Cæsars*, which now binds his brow, offered to me on the same conditions, I would cast it from me as a worthless bauble, in comparison with the jewel of mine honour! Tell him, moreover, that he does ill, to insult a captive soldier, by an attempt to tamper with his allegiance; and that such arts would damn a better cause than that of bigotry and despotism!"

"Rash youth, forbear," exclaimed the visitor; "know you not that Ferdinand, had he the will, could punish you for those daring words?"

"I know not of his will, and care little for his power," was the rejoinder; "but this I know, that, were he ten times the tyrant he is, he hath minions ready to execute his purposes, be they never so bloody. Bear witness, *Magdeburg*!"

A shudder appeared to pass over the frame of the stranger at this allusion to the recent catastrophe of that ill-fated city; but, quickly recovering himself, he replied, "The punishment justly inflicted on her rebellious citizens has been greatly magnified."

"Impossible!" exclaimed *Waldemar*; "language is incapable of doing justice to the horrors of that fearful night."

"And yet you pretend to a correct conception of them," rejoined the other.

"As well I may," continued the count, "seeing that they were enacted before my eyes."

"Indeed!" said the visitor: "and pray what



might be the nature of your mission to Magdeburg at that juncture?"

"Content you, that it dishonoured neither the sender nor his messenger," was the reply; would that all were such!"

"Your sneer escapes me not," observed the stranger; "but know you not that it is lawful to do a small evil to insure a great good?"

"I know it," said the count, "for a maxim which has been written in blood, in every quarter of the globe where the banner of the church of Rome has waved; but I know it also as a direct contravention of His word, who has commanded us to keep His laws, and to leave the issues with Him. But, gracious Providence! call you the sack of Magdeburg a small evil? The dishonour of her maids and matrons; the slaughter of her helpless thousands—the fair and the feeble, nay, of the infant yet unborn—call you these small evils? Truly, if such be the works of your saints, you have done Herod foul wrong in excluding him from your calendar!"

"Cease!" exclaimed the other, "cease those impious calumnies against the only true church; for know, that they are uttered in the presence of one who has sworn to protect her rights, and avenge her wrongs. I am Ferdinand of Austria!"

*Histoire de l'ordre des Assassins.* Par J. de Hammer. Ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand, et augmenté de Pièces Justificatives. [Von Hammer's History of the Assassins.] Paris: Paulin; London, Baillière.

A work cannot be considered as foreign which, though published in a foreign language, seriously implicates the character of the bravest English monarch and the most popular of English heroes. The fierce attack made by Von Hammer on—

Richard that robbed the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

is not, however, the only cause why we deem this worthy of public attention. The name "assassin" is naturalized in our language—the "Old man of the Mountain" was one of the spectres that haunted our young imagination—the early history of the Crusaders is filled with the wildest romance; there, pre-eminently, fact is stronger than fiction, and sober chronicles rival the "feignings" of the poet. A work, professing to afford us a clue for investigating the chief mysteries of this interesting period, is one which we are sure will be welcome to all; the idle may find in it "new pictures for the intellectual kaleidoscope;"† and the studious a guide to new fields of delightful investigation.

The Ismaelites, a Mohammedan sect, founded the dynasty of the Fatemite Khaliphs in Egypt; they acquired this power by propagating their opinions by means of secret associations, and thus avoided the fate of Mokanna and other innovators. One hundred and seventy years after, Hassan-Ben-Sabah formed the society of the Eastern Ismaelites, and these are the people whom we know by the name of Assassins. Like so many other founders and reformers of false religions, his character does not admit of a simple explanation: he was sometimes an enthusiast, sometimes an impostor; not unfrequently neither, and very frequently both. For the details of his extraordinary adventures we refer the reader to this volume;

† This whimsical metaphor was the answer given by an eminent mathematician when asked what good resulted from the publication of Ivanhoe.

suffice it to say, that, after encountering vicissitudes scarcely to be paralleled, he established himself in the mountain-castle of Alamoot, not very far from the present city of Kazbin. If the reader will refer to a map of the districts between the south-west of the Caspian Sea and the northern frontiers of Syria, he will see that this castle occupied a piece of table-land, in the midst of several mountain-chains. From his possession of this fortress Hassan was named *Shéikh-al-Jebal*, that is to say, "lord of the mountainous district;" but *Shéikh* happening to signify "aged," as well as "chief," western travellers, and especially Marco Polo, have named him, "the old man of the mountain." A more appropriate epithet for the Grand Masters of the order could scarcely have been chosen. The new sect, or association, gradually extended their power by occupying a series of mountain fortresses from the range of Anti-Libanus to the Caspian gates. The castle of Maszyad, in Syria, was the second capital of Hassan's Ismaelites, and it was with the branch stationed there that the Crusaders became acquainted. The successors of Hassan established, we are told, both at Maszyad and Alamoot, gardens abounding in all the luxuries that could delight an oriental voluptuary; to these they introduced young men who had been previously intoxicated by *hashish*, a spirit obtained from hemp, and persuaded them that they had been permitted to enjoy a foretaste of Paradise. In consequence of such an education, the followers of the *Shéikh-al-Jebal* displayed more than a Spartan contempt for tortures and death. The two best Arabic scholars in Europe, Von Hammer and De Sacy are of opinion, that the Assassins have derived their name from the use of the intoxicating *hashish*: with great diffidence, we beg leave to suggest, that the story of the imitation of Paradise is nothing more than a revival of the tradition respecting Shédád and the gardens of Irem; that drunken men could not have displayed the coolness and cunning of the Assassins; and, finally, that it seems much more natural to derive the name from that of their founder, Hassan.

The Ismaelians and the orthodox Mussulmans were not long in coming to a rupture; the latter began the war, by denouncing the objects of their suspicion as atheists and antinomians, and by pouring out on them all the abusive epithets customary in religious controversies. The next step was to stir up the orthodox princes to persecution, and the heretic Ismaelians were slaughtered without mercy wherever they were met with. But the Ismaelians had a fearful means of retribution—their adversaries fell under the daggers of the Assassins, without notice or warning. The *Shéikh-al-Jebal*'s emissaries were in every city, and almost in every household; no one, whose name was once on his black list, could escape: the sanctity of the temple, the privacy of home, afforded no protection; he was in as much danger surrounded by an army, as alone in a desert. Well educated in the languages most likely to be of service to them, taught from their earliest infancy that they owed heaven and their order a death, the young Assassins went into the world, with the single object of executing their commission. Murders were committed, not only to be revenged on enemies, but to please friends—or even to procure a

sum of money for the common treasury. Those who fell in their wicked attempts, were regarded as martyrs; their relatives received rich presents, or, if slaves, were set at liberty. Thus hoping to procure eternal felicity for themselves, and temporal advantages for all they loved, these enthusiasts, sworn to murder, went out into the world to assail their destined victims; and so far from dreading to encounter death, they almost wished not to escape it. They traversed Asia, and even Europe, in countless disguises; and it was impossible to discover whether the monk kneeling at the altar, or the guest sitting at your table, might not be a minister of vengeance.

The Ismaelians were equally the enemies of the Saracens and the Christians; but they were frequently in alliance with the latter. Community of principles, says Von Hammer, united them with the Templars; the fact, however, is not very well authenticated, and the assigned cause utterly incredible. Heaven knows, that at one time or another there has been enough of fanaticism in Europe, but systematized iniquity has never come farther west than the Gulf of Venice. The connexion between Richard I. and the Assassins is a much more difficult question; and we cannot, conscientiously, pronounce a verdict of acquittal. Indeed, the attempt at defence made by the monarch himself is rather evidence of his guilt; he produced, as is well known, letters, which he declared to have been written by the "old man of the mountain;" but they have every possible mark of forgeries: the prince of the Assassins is made to use a title which he abhorred; to date by an era of which he was ignorant, and to swear by a faith in which he did not believe. But those who reject the letters, and still believe in the innocence of Richard, tell us that such conduct is inconsistent with his chivalrous character. Now, it is a difficult thing to define what a "chivalrous character" means; if Richard's is to be taken as a sample, then it includes every conceivable crime but cowardice. His conduct to his father, his brothers, and his allies, while he was yet but Count of Poitiers, would justify any suspicion, however dark or degrading, respecting his future career. There are four Arabic contemporary historians; they were all in Palestine at the time; and three of them unhesitatingly declare that Conrad, Marquis of Tyre and Montserrat, was murdered by the procurement of King Richard: the fourth (Ibn-Alatir), says that suspicions were divided between Richard and Saladin; but he furnishes us with the very important fact, that Conrad had been secretly negotiating a peace with Saladin, and that he had personally insulted the haughty Norman monarch by attributing to him the mischance at Ascalon. Emád-ed-din, who was a personal friend of Saladin's, says, "We were afflicted by the event, for though the Marquis was a chief of the unbelievers, he was the sworn foe of the King of England; and their quarrel was to us, at the time, a matter of the highest importance." All the continental chroniclers declare that the Assassins named Richard as their employer; the orientals testify the same thing; the King himself had no better defence than a palpable forgery: can we deny that the weight of evidence preponderates to the side of guilt?

The same power that overthrew the Khaliphate of Bagdad, proved fatal to the Assassins: Hulaku, a descendant of Jenghiz Khan, led his Mongolians over the cities and castles of both, and trampled to pieces at once an empire and an order. All the books of the Ismaeliens, like the books of the Templars, overtaken by similar destruction nearly at the same time, were destroyed, and we have been left to gather the opinions of both from the narratives of their enemies. The actions of the Assassins, however, are described in nearly the same terms by the writers of the East and West, at a time when there could have been no literary communication between them, and therefore they are beyond doubt. It is curious that all the researches of this age tend to confirm the authority of Herodotus and Marco Polo, whom it was the fashion in the last century to ridicule and contemn.

## HOMŒOPATHY.

*The Organon of the Healing Art; a new System of Physic.* Translated from the German of S. Hahnemann, by C. H. Devrient, Esq.; with Notes by S. Stratton, M.D. Dublin: Wakeman; London: Simpkin & Marshall.

*A Practical Appeal to the Public, through a series of letters, in defence of the New System of Physic, &c. &c.* (the Title would fill a column). By John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D. &c. &c. &c. London: Parbury & Allen.

A new system of physic, with more assertion and less proof than many of its predecessors. It is, however, by no means devoid of interesting facts; and we think that, as far as *specific medicines* are concerned, it really throws a light on their mode of action. A minute inquiry into its doctrines would be unsuited to our pages; but we may take a general view of the system, and state the facts on which it is said to rest.

Hahnemann, its founder, was born at Miesitz, in Upper Saxony, in the year 1755. He is still alive, and resides in the little principality of Anhalt-Coethen; approaching his eightieth year, in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits, having preserved, by regularity and temperance, the vigorous constitution bestowed on him by nature. As far, therefore, as a physician's skill may be tested by his own state, the homœopaths have every reason to be satisfied with their great master. Being engaged, in 1790, in a translation of the *Materia Medica* of Cullen, in which the febrifuge virtues of bark are described, he determined, if possible, to ascertain its mode of action.

"Whilst in the enjoyment of the most robust health, he commenced the use of this substance, and in a short time was attacked with all the symptoms of intermittent fever (ague), similar in every respect to those which that medicine is known to cure. Being struck with the identity of the two diseases, he immediately divined the great truth which has become the foundation of the new medical doctrine of homœopathy."

The great truth, then, and the new medical doctrine are, that diseases can be cured by medicines which, administered to a person in health, will produce in him an *artificial* disease, the symptoms of which coincide with those of the natural disease. Of course this wonderfully simplifies the study of medicine.

The laborious investigations of anatomy and morbid anatomy, by which we study structure in its natural state, and again when altered by disease; the accurate observation and cautious reasoning, by which we connect with the above states the easy execution of the functions which attends the former, and their embarrassed and disordered condition consequent on the latter; these, with many other parts of medical education, including the whole philosophy of the science, and all attempts at tracing results to their causes, may now be dispensed with. A homœopathic physician has nothing to do with all these: he has only, when called to a patient, to learn the symptoms of the case, and then ascertain what medicines taken by a person in health would produce a similar assemblage of symptoms. For this latter object, Hahnemann prevailed on a number of his pupils—for pupils, of course, any system so favourably to indolence, so unburthened with tiresome reasonings, will find—to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of trying on themselves the effects of all the drugs in the pharmacopœia, and duly reporting the symptoms produced. There was, however, one little difficulty in this plan, which was, that as men are seldom much improved by swallowing, while in health, ten grains of calomel, or three of tartar emetic, or a few drops of prussic acid, or of Fowler's arsenical solution, his young aspirants to homœopathic fame might have their enthusiasm and credulity considerably chilled, if, after a few such experiments, they found themselves "nothing the better, but rather the worse." In obviating this, the Doctor has shown no small ingenuity. There are great powers in nature, he observes, such as light and magnetism, which weigh nothing. The thousandth part of a grain of calomel still weighs something; therefore it has infinitely more weight than light, which weighs nothing; therefore there is no reason why this thousandth part should not be a medicine of very great power; therefore it is a medicine of very great power. The analogy between light and calomel is not very obvious to ordinary apprehension, but the pupils voted the argument perfectly satisfactory, and forthwith put themselves under the operation of thousandth-part-of-a-grain doses, the effects of which they, with inimitable gravity, reported, sneering at "ordinary physicians, whose minds feed on no other ideas but what are gross and material." It is evident this argument is capable of being extended almost *ad infinitum*; and Hahnemann was determined to use his advantage, and soon announced that medicine might be most efficaciously given, "attenuated to the *quintillionth* or *decillionth* degree." By what means he attained this attenuation our readers will easily understand from this formula: Take one drop of prussic acid, add it to 100 drops of water, and shake till thoroughly mixed. Of this mixture add one drop to 100 more of water, and shake as before. Again, add one drop of this to a third 100 of water, and we shall then have the prussic acid in the  $(100 \times 100 \times 100 =)$  1,000,000th degree of attenuation or dilution. Pursuing on this, we may arrive at the quintillionth, or, indeed, any desired degree of attenuation; and of this, Doctor Hahnemann assures us, a single drop is a powerful dose for an adult! Indeed, in some cases its effects may be even too violent, and the Doctor has prudently

given directions by which the dose may be, with still more safety, administered.

"The best mode of administration is to make use of small conifits or globules of sugar, the size of a poppy-seed; one of these globules having imbibed the medicine, and being introduced into the *vehicle* [Note, a medical *vehicle* is neither cab nor omnibus, but perhaps a little cold water, or a tea-spoonful of jam,] forms a dose containing about the 300th part of a drop, for 300 of such globules will imbibe one drop of alcohol; by placing one of these on the tongue, and not drinking any thing after it, the dose is considerably diminished. *But, if the patient is very sensitive, and it is necessary to employ the smallest dose possible, and attain at the same time the most speedy results, it will be sufficient to let him swallow once to a phial that contains a globule the size of a mustard-seed, imbibing the medicinal liquid attenuated to a very high degree. After the patient has smelled to it, the phial is to be re-corked, which will thus serve for years, without its medicinal virtues being perceptibly impaired.*"

Of this we have no doubt.

We regret, however, to perceive that the editor has fallen into a most important mistake respecting the strength of the solutions recommended. In his Appendix he states that "Quintillionth is the five millionth part;" now it is not a million multiplied by five that makes a quintillion, but a million raised to its fifth power; and as some homeopathic tyro might, in consequence of this error, administer his medicines in a state of unparadonable concentration, we take pains to state in a manner "level to the meanest capacity," the immense danger which might result to the patient. Thus the five millionth part of a drop of prussic acid is thus simply expressed,  $\frac{1}{5,000,000}$ th, while the quintillionth requires this formidable row of figures,

1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000<sup>th</sup>, and the decillionth actually exceeds the capacity of our columns, and almost stretches beyond our own. We expect, however, to receive the editor's best thanks, and the fervent gratitude of all true homeopathsists for detecting this grave error, before, we will hope, any serious injury resulted from it.

Another important discovery made by "the illustrious Hahnemann," during his researches in this line, was, that the virtues of a medicine are wonderfully elicited by the quantity of shaking it gets:—thus, that solution which has been shaken twice is much stronger than a solution which has been shaken once. We cannot think without horror of the strange apathy with which all former physicians have left this serious operation of "shaking the bottle," to the apothecary—his apprentice—or, sometimes, even to the nurse! We, ourselves, have more than once observed a little urchin, as he returned from the dispensary with "some doctor's stuff for mammy," actually shaking it the whole way; and, only think of Obadiah, mounted on the coach-horse, and carrying one of Doctor Slop's favourite prescriptions a ride of some five or ten miles, and then conceive how deplorably altered it must be from the comparatively innocent state in which it left the hands of the worthy practitioner:—*heu. quantum mutatus ab illo!*

But far above such culpable negligence is the grand luminary of the homœopathic doctrines. The same sunbeam that unveils the towering fronts of an Alpine ridge, glitters

on a Whitechapel needle which a cockney lady has dropped at its base; and the comprehensive genius of a Hahnemann now discovers the "Dynamic origin" of diseases in an "aberration" of the "vital factors" from their "normal state," now descends to humbler cares, and prescribes the number of *shakes* proper for a drop of lemon-juice in the sextillionth degree of attenuation.

In proceeding, therefore, to the dilution of medicinal substances, it is wrong to give the twenty or thirty successive extenuating glasses more than *two shakes*, where it is merely intended to develop the power of the medicine in a moderate degree.

To prevent any possibility of mistake, to which even this very lucid direction might be subject, the Doctor hastens to say, that by a *shake* he means "taking the phial in the hand, and imparting to it a single powerful stroke of the arm descending." By this means, he states, "he obtains an exact mixture of its contents;—but that two, three or ten such movements would render the mixture much closer—that is to say, would develop the medicinal virtues still further, making them, as it were, more potent, and their action on the nerves much more penetrating!"

These are great discoveries, but the greatest remains behind:—

It has cost me (says the Doctor) twelve years of study and research, to discover this great truth, which remained concealed from all my predecessors and contemporaries—to establish the basis of its demonstration, and find out, at the same time, the curative medicines that were fit to combat this hydra in all its different forms.

And what is this sublime and overwhelming truth, that has cost the Doctor "twelve years of labour and research"? Is it worthy the application of his towering intellect for so protracted a period? Is it about to answer the hopes of mankind, so long kept on the stretch; to transcend even their fondest expectations, their most ardent desires? Yes—with pride and satisfaction we answer—yes;—the discovery reserved for the Doctor to make, the discovery that he has made in a way that almost leads us to suspect special revelation, is—that all diseases originate from one cause, and that that cause is the *Itch*,—yes—benevolent reader, —THE ITCH!!! You may be unconscious of any such stain—you may gaze on your skin unmarked by the "foul spot of the leprosy," and in the pride of your heart rejoice that you are not fed on oaten cakes; *mais n'importe*, you have the itch,—Doctor Hahnemann says you have the itch.

This is the sole true and fundamental cause that produces all the other countless forms of disease; nervous debility, hysteria, hypochondriasis, insanity, melancholy, idiocy, madness, epilepsy, and spasms of all kinds; ["here take breath," as they used to intimate in the old songs:] softening of the bones or rickets, scoliosis and cyphosis, caries, cancer, fungus hematomas, gout, hemorrhoids, yellow jaundice and cyanosis, dropsy, amenorrhœa, gastrorrhagia, epistaxis, hemoptysis, hematuria, metrorrhagia, asthma and suppuration of the lungs, impotency and barrenness, megrim, deafness, cataract and amaurosis, gravel, paralysis, loss of sense, and pains of every kind!

Allah Kerim! God is great! The itch seems like original sin—every man is born with his share of it.

Let not our readers suppose that we have exhausted the learned Doctor's stores of entertainment. No—he is "a fellow of infinite humour," we have merely treated them to a homœopathic dose of it;—were we to increase the quantity, we could scarcely be answerable for the violent re-action that would probably ensue.

Of the Translation and Appendix we have little to say. They have no merits, and many defects, but at present we are in too good humour to hurt a fly. We only ask, is it possible that S. Stretton can be an M.D. and write such notes as these?—

"*Hematuria*—from *agua, blood*, and *rupevo*, to mix together!"

"*Dictamnus albus*—bastard dittony—from *apo tou turkin*, to bring forth!"

"*Datura Stramonium*, name from *daturus*, because it is given as a narcotic," (admirable!) "and *στρονυχον* from its causing madness:"—the Editor never seeming to comprehend that *στρονυχος* was the Greek for *solanum*, and that the *Datura* is of the natural order *Solanæa*!!!

There is only one Hebrew word in the book, and that one is *mis-pelled*.

We must therefore conclude, begging pardon if mistaken, that Mr. Stretton only intended a sly hit at the medical profession, or was indulging his facetious disposition, when he signed himself M.D. Perhaps, indeed, he is a *Drum-Major*.

One note requires more serious animadversion:—

"Dry air appears not to transmit the miasm of variola (Anglicè—infection of small-pox) to the distance of many feet; according to the experiments instituted by Dr. O'Ryan, a dossil of cotton, soaked in variolous matter, was placed in the middle of an oval table, whose least diameter was three feet: six children who never had the small-pox were seated round it; this experiment was sometimes conducted in the house and sometimes in the open air; the virus was renewed every second day, it was sometimes taken from the inoculated, sometimes from the natural small-pox; the process was repeated three times a day for one week, without producing the disease in the children."

Such an experiment appears to us totally unjustifiable:—as it has turned out it proves nothing, but it might have terminated in the death of one of the children. Doctor O'Ryan had better be more cautious how he tampers with the lives of his fellow-creatures for the future. At least, he has no business to do so while they are well.

Of poor Dr. Gilchrist, whose name appears at the head of our article, we are unwilling to say much. It would be cruel to deprive him of any little amusement he may find in writing books, but his friends ought to take care that they are not published. Homœopathy may have cured his bodily maladies, but it has yet to "minister unto a mind diseased."

*Lelia: a Novel.* By George Sand. Paris: London, Dulau & Co.

THIS is the book of the season—of the month—of the day; but, as we have not, in truth, cast its nativity, we had better not offer any prophetic anticipations as to the duration of its fame: enough, then, that it is the book of the hour—the fashionable novelty—the romance the most sought after in the reading rooms, and the most talked of in the literary saloons, of

Paris. Whether it should be considered as a novel, a philosophical essay, a poetical invective, or a picture of manners, it is somewhat puzzles our philosophy to determine.

It is, no doubt, a brilliant work. The lady (who conceals her odd and harsh-sounding name—*Dudevant*, under the pseudonym of George Sand) seems to have taken for her model the symbolic and mystical school of Germany. 'Lelia' is one of that class of works in which fiction and reality, truth and untruth, assimilate and mingle in "most admired confusion"; in which living men and unreal shadows cross our path and perplex our understanding, coming and departing at the mysterious waving of the magician's wand.

This style is new to the writer: there is nothing like it in her 'Valentine' and 'Indiana.' But, though she has certainly succeeded in producing something "rare and strange," though the eulogies of French criticism have been prodigally lavished upon this work, though a duel has been fought lately in Paris—which certainly could not determine the merit of the work—we cannot look upon it but as an "unreal mockery"—a bold, brazen paradox, born, fostered, and nourished, in the very hot-bed of scepticism, in the whirl and turbulence of Parisian politics, manners, and questionable morality.

Lelia is herself a repulsive being: a woman who fain would love, and pray, and have a faith, but who finds in her heart an utter incapacity either to love, pray, or believe. Her soul is withered. The drama in which she acts exhibits her under a double and contradictory light: she is at once young and enthusiastic, yet old in heart and dead in feeling. You meet everywhere with exalted sentiments, high-sounding rhetoric, soul-touching poetry, hand in hand with unbelief, scorn for what is gentle and good, contempt of the world, and inability to appreciate all that is mental and spiritual in it; the result is a monster, a Byronic woman—endowed with rich and energetic faculties, delicate perceptions, rare eloquence, fine talents, but no heart—a woman without hope and without soul. Religion, morals, human sympathies, but "sear her eyes;" she holds them all to be false, deceitful, ridiculous. Unable to feel any pure, true, and devoted affection, she finds her chastisement and torture in that very inability. Virtue is with her a hoax, and she is too wise to be deceived; so, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the objects of her unattainable desires, she writhes and dies in the agonies of an irremediable despair.

Something of this melancholy theory, which represents all things as false, vice and virtue as indifferent,—something of this perverse philosophy, whose motto should be "fair is foul and foul is fair," has always been interwoven with the incidents and characters of the fashionable French novels: but no woman had heretofore declared herself as a disciple.

Such is 'Lelia.' You may find in it an apology for every crime, a panegyric on every vice: debauchery is here a sublime expansion of human power; gaming, a magnificent heroism; a murderer is a bold contemner of the laws of social life; and a *forçat*, a galley slave, is a strong-minded man, at war with society, but greater and nobler than his fellow-creatures. If you condescend to be

lectured the bold and the weakness giant-like prejudice of the e of the we do the follo logy for is a mos the hero

He w the cup passion-intoxica incident truth. your is sacrifice man can gold is energy, ster, thi passion compari ready to that inc that cot —honot but his and live

The martyr yielding est and hours, There, demon all the chancee beggar self-poo ambitio able th

What a slavee a naked the we morrow to doul

One repote. tumult boiling he thr bellish Posses he ma without

Wh Less th it a sy to stru thing, poetry pursue and th again great-sublim

No handl burnin We o of suc The axion in gre Engla



lectured by Lelia, she will teach you that the bold face of vice is a proof of strength, and the humbleness of virtue a proof of weakness. She will bid you admire the giant-like crime, which towers above the prejudices, opinions, feelings, and morality of the everyday world, as the frozen summit of the Jungfrau towers above the plains. That we do not calumniate Madame Dudevant, the following fragment, containing the apology for gaming, will sufficiently prove. It is a most eloquent and elaborate portrait of the hero of the tale, Trenmor.

He was a gamester. He had quaffed often of the cup of love, but had now drunk of a new passion—a more energetic, more intense, more intoxicating draught; a passion full of terrible incidents—gaming! We must dare declare the truth. If the end be apparently base, the fervour is powerful, the audacity sublime, the sacrifices dreadful and unbounded. No such man can ever again be inspired by woman: gold is the stronger power of the two. The energy, devotedness, perseverance, of the gamester, throw into the deepest shade all the like passions of the lover, who is but a boy in comparison. How few men have we ever seen ready to sacrifice, for their mistresses' sake, that inestimable treasure, that priceless jewel, that condition of our being, that life of our life—honour. The most devoted of lovers offers but his life—the gamester sacrifices his honour, and lives on.

The gamester is a stoic, a Roman hero, a martyr; he is calm amidst his triumphs, unyielding when he falls. He rises to the highest and falls to the lowest station in a few hours, and remains firm, immovable, unaltered. There, without leaving the very table, where his demon rivets him, body and soul, he runs through all the vicissitudes of life, and submits to all the chances of fortune, good or ill. By turns a beggar and a king, he plunges at once from the highest to the lowest grade of social life, ever self-possessed, ever calm, ever sustained by his ambition, ever stimulated on by the unquenchable thirst which devours him.

What will he be in another minute? a prince? a slave? How will he leave the gaming table? a naked wretch? or a millionaire, bending under the weight of his gold?—He is indifferent. Tomorrow he will come again, to lose a fortune or to double it.

One thing to him is impossible, and that is repose. He is as the sea bird, delighting in the tumult of the hurricane and the roar of the boiling billows. You say he loves gold? no; he throws away guineas by thousands—those hellish gifts cannot satisfy or quench his thirst. Possessed of riches, he pants after poverty, that he may once again feel that terrible emotion, without which life has no relish for him.

What is the value of gold to the gamester?—Less than grains of sand to us. But he sees in it a symbol of the good and evil which he loves to struggle with and to defy. Gold is his plaything, his paramour, his friend, his dream, his poetry. It is the shadow which he constantly pursues, fights, grapples with, to conquer it, and then to quit his grasp, in order to begin again the horrid battle with destiny. Oh! it is great—it is beautiful—though absurd! It is sublime!

Now, we must all feel that this sophism is handled by a master hand, and clothed in burning and breathing words. What then? We only the more regret the misemployment of such talent.

The whole romance is illustrative of this axiom: "Virtue is inferior to vice, in strength, in greatness, and in beauty." If written in England, the work would have been pursued

by the hue-and-cry of every critic in the kingdom.

We feel some difficulty in giving an analysis of a novel without incident, the actors in which are pure creations—mere allegorical beings—and the tendency of which is to prove the stupidity of being anything but a thorough-paced scoundrel. The following however is the broad outline:—Trenmor, the type or symbol of energetic vice, triumphs over Stenio, the symbol of purity and innocence. Lelia, who gives her name to the work, seems at once symbolical of woman and civilization in the abstract. She despises her humble and virtuous lover, discards him, throws him into the arms of her sister, a common courtesan, and chooses for her partner through life, Trenmor, the galley slave; the man whose shoulder bears the brand of the burning-iron; the atheist, the gamester, the forger, the scorner of God, of nature, and of his fellow men. The dénouement of such a drama is, of course, suicide. The subordinate characters are worthy associates of the superiors: for example, a priest, Magnus, who murders Lelia, by strangling her with his rosary; and Lelia's sister, the common courtesan, who finds perfect happiness in the mere pursuit of sensual gratifications.

We shall not again dip our pen in this mire of blood and dirt, over which, by a strange perversity of feeling, the talent of the writer, and that writer a woman! has contrived to throw a lurid, fearful, and unhallowed light.

*Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger.* [Travels in the Regency of Algiers.] Par. M. Rozet. Tom. III.

[Second Notice.]

EDUCATION is more attended to at Algiers than in any other part of Barbary. The number of schools, previous to the arrival of the French, exceeded a hundred, but the pupils in each were not more than twelve or fifteen,—perhaps as many as one master can well attend to. The subjects taught are to read and write the Koran, and sometimes a little arithmetic; to these the whole information of a Mussulman is confined.

The pavement of the hall in which the school is kept, is always covered with a rush mat; the master is squatted in a corner with a long rod in his hand, and many wooden tablets are hung round the walls. The hours of business last from eight to eleven in the morning, and from one to four in the afternoon. Each scholar, as he arrives, takes off his shoes, which he leaves at the door, and then goes to kiss the hand of the master, who presents it to him with a gravity altogether Turkish: after that, he takes one of the tablets from the wall and squats down on the mat. When all the scholars are settled, they form a semicircle, of which the master occupies the centre. They have usually a writing-desk between two, and each of them is furnished with a reed, shaped like a pen, to write. To those sufficiently advanced, the master dictates some sentence from the Koran, which they write with ink on the wooden tablets, proceeding from right to left. When one has finished the sentence dictated to him, he refers to the master, addressing him by the title *Sydi*, who then tells him the rest of his task. When the master has repeated the same things many times, and the student does not understand it, he smites him with the rod, [what a universal fashion this!] and, taking the tablet, writes down himself what he had dictated.

To the credit of the young Mussulmans be it said, they are generally apt and attentive, so that such punishments are rare.

As soon as a scholar has finished writing, he presents his tablet to the master, who corrects and returns it to him: he then quits the circle, and, seating himself against the wall, proceeds to commit to memory what he has written, chaunting it out in a loud voice, and moving the upper part of his body as they do at prayers. Towards the end of the sitting, all the children are thus chaunting together, each in a different tone. I cannot conceive how, in the midst of all this noise, they continue to learn; but the fact is, that they do get by heart perfectly.

For the beginners the master chalks letters on their tablets, which they ink over, and then come to the master, who teaches them to read what they have inked. The morning sitting is thus passed almost entirely in writing. At eleven o'clock the scholars go out, after kissing the master's hand as they did at entrance.

In the afternoon the scholars are occupied in learning what they wrote in the morning. Before leaving, each of them rubs out with a pumice-stone what he had written on his tablet, washes it with a little sponge, and returns it to its place.

The Jews have schools of their own, superintended by rabbis, at which the course of instruction is almost identical with that we have described, substituting the Old Testament for the Koran, and Hebrew for Turkish characters. They also add a little ancient history. The more wealthy amongst them, however, are not contented with this, but send their children to France, Italy, and sometimes to England, to learn commerce and languages. It thus happens that they are the best informed part of the population, and are constantly employed by the Dey as *dragomans*, or interpreters. The young ladies are not so fortunate; they have schools, it is true, but they are only taught to sew, embroider, and make up fine work—never to read.

*Commerce.*—At Algiers the Moors and Turks have shops in which they sell articles of daily consumption, such as stuffs, spicery, jewels, essences, tobacco, &c.; but the commerce, properly so called, is divided between the Dey and the Jews. The former reserves to himself a monopoly of wax, wool, and salt, which the proprietors are obliged to lodge in his storehouses at any price he chooses to pay.

Algiers exports essence of roses, silk stuffs, embroidered morocco leather, taffeta, vermillion, ostrich feathers, grain, wax, honey, and fruits. From England they import linen cloth, muslins, and calicoes. Their principal trade is with Italy, through Leghorn, whence they get linen cloths, silks, hardware, sugar, coffee, amber, white marble pillars, pavements, and tombs, with iron and steel, some of which also is brought from Gibraltar.

The Police of Algiers is very strict. No one but a Turk is allowed to stir out after eight o'clock, under pain of the bastinado, which, however, can always be bought off if the offender be rich enough. Every one is obliged to have the space before his own house swept, and the dirt placed in the cavities of which we have spoken. Bedouins and Moors pass every day with asses laden with panniers, in which all filth is removed. Those who neglect this are bastinadoed if they cannot pay.

Weights and measures are strictly looked

to. Any one found using a false standard has his left hand chopped off and tied round his neck; he is then placed on an ass, with his face to the tail, and led round the city. "I have seen many persons at Algiers wanting their left hand."

Bakers who use false weights are bastinadoed, and their bread confiscated to the use of the poor. The price of bread never varies, but when grain becomes dear, the Dey, on a petition to that effect from the bakers, permits them to diminish their loaf.

The police, however, do not check begging, which prevails to a considerable extent. It is dangerous to be too charitable, for if you have regularly given alms to the same poor person for some time, it becomes what they call *uzansa*; and if you then stop, he summons you before the *cadi*, who not only orders you to continue, but to pay up for the days you have omitted, saying *estar uzansa*. In proof of this, M. Rozet mentions the case of an European merchant who was in the habit of giving two *mouzonnes* daily to a poor beggar, who, in return, used to offer up great prayers to heaven for the preservation of his health.

It happened that, after a certain time, the affairs of this merchant obliged him to go to Europe, where he was detained more than a year. During his absence the beggar continued to present himself every day at the door, though he had nothing given him. When the merchant returned, he found his faithful beggar, who expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing him again, and assured him that every day he had repaired to his post, and had not failed to offer up a prayer to heaven for the preservation of his health. The European thanked him much, and gave him two *mouzonnes* as before. "You forget, then, that for a year you have given me nothing," replied the beggar. "It is not two *mouzonnes* that you owe me, but seven hundred and so much, because ever since you set out I have not missed a single day in going to your door and offering up a prayer for you as before."

The merchant disallowed the force of this argument, but was summoned before the *cadi*, and compelled to pay.

"If (said the judge) this beggar had neglected to present himself every day at your house, you might have protested; but he has punctually acquitted himself of his duty, and you legally owe him the sum which he demands."

This custom would seem to be rather Mohammedan than Algerine. There occurs, we think, in Russell's 'Natural History of Aleppo,' a story similar to the present, with this addition, that the beggar, when old and near to die, sold the charity of the Frank to another beggar, who was young and lusty, and the *cadi* obliged the Frank to continue payment.

But let us finish our sketch of Algiers.

All the rest of the hill, not occupied by the town, is filled with tombs, to a distance of half a mile or more from the walls. Amongst these tombs flourish agaves, nopals, and dwarf date trees, in the midst of which is seen here and there a lofty palm tree, out-topping the minarets of the mosques. Towards the north these trees are accompanied by figs and magnificent carob-trees, which, by the verdure of their leaves and the extent of their branches, contrast agreeably with the pale colour of the agaves and nopals, the slender stem of the palms, and the small tufted head with which they are crowned. The tombs are dispersed amongst the trees and shrubs; there are many private burial places surrounded with walls, and kept with remark-

able care, in the interior of which are cultivated flowers, palms, and vines, continually watered by a spring of the most limpid water. From space to space rises through the foliage, and always by the side of a palm, the white dome of the tomb of a marabout, who has managed to preserve after death all the confidence he inspired when alive. The faithful make frequent pilgrimages to these tombs, and consider it a great honour to be interred near them.

Attached to one of these tombs is a holy well, which has the power of curing all sorts of diseases, and chiefly of expelling the Devil; though M. Rozet gives it as his serious opinion that the waters cannot be of much use in cases of gastric affection. The propitious day for going to this fountain of Sydi-Yakoub is Friday, and on this day the road is generally crowded with pilgrims.

Having left the city one Friday morning, about six o'clock, I saw some negroes, and a great quantity of Jews (for these, too, believe in the powers of Sydi-Yakoub) directing their steps this way. Without knowing what they were about, but suspecting the performance of some interesting ceremony, I joined two Jewish families, who all, men, women and children, were advancing together. Arrived near the fountain, the men stopped, but the women took off their slippers, and, taking baskets which their husbands had laid on the ground, advanced with much respect up to the fountain. There each of them took from her basket a common earthen pot, in which she kindled a fire with tinder and charcoal; then they lit a small yellow taper, and went to place it on a stone, by the side of a little hole, whence spouted a jet of water, crying at the same time *you—you*. Having done this, they threw some grains of incense on their censers, and taking them in hand, passed several times before the fountain, perfuming it. Returning to their baskets, some took out eggs, boiled beans, and bread; others feathers, chicken's blood, &c. which they threw into the basin, crying *you—you*. Finally, they placed themselves on the lowest step bathed by the water, washed their faces and hands, drank and made their infants drink, and then went to rejoin their husbands, who were awaiting them on the spot where they left them.

The ceremony, however, was not yet complete; happening to return that way a little after, M. Rozet heard sounds of merriment, and looking whence they proceeded, found all his Jew friends seated on the sea-shore, eating and drinking, sending forth from time to time shouts of joy, and singing with all their might.

I approached to have some explanation, when several men jumped up at once, and obliged me to partake of their rural repast. I then learned that after imploring the aid of Sydi-Yakoub it was necessary to spend the whole day in eating, drinking, and diverting one's self with one's relatives, and that in the open air. Towards evening I returned to see whether my morning friends had punctually performed their duty, and found the whole road filled with groups of families, in which every one was drunk. Many musicians had come to increase the tumult, and the feasters accompanied them singing, or rather howling, all at once. Men, women and children, unable to stand upright, rolled one over the other, without the least regard to modesty, which would have been sorely wounded but for the drawers which the Jewesses wore.

M. Rozet's travels in the Algerine country, though extending for sixty or seventy leagues along the shore in each direction, as also some distance inland, are not of much in-

terest. He saw some windmills in ruins, because a Dey could not conceive how the wind should cause the vanes to move without the aid of magic, and therefore ordered them to be destroyed. He saw some druidical tombs on the way to Sydi-Efroudj, and, being anxious for Roman remains, discovered them in the arches of an old aqueduct towards Oran, which, however, he only viewed at a distance of more than a league through a good glass. He saw on the walls of Fort St. Grégoire an instrument for impaling, like an old spit, rather blunt, fixed in a stone, and was waited on by a *garçon de café*, with a yatagan in his breast, and a pair of pistols at his girdle. He heard at Médéya of a duel fought between two brothers, because one of them, who was prudent, refused to lend his money to the other, who was a spendthrift;—and was informed that the most approved method of getting lion's cubs was by stealing them away when the old one was asleep!—The only danger was, that the old one should awake, and then you were infallibly eaten up!

The Government of Algiers is the last topic we can touch on. After the Turks had conquered the city and dependent territories, two Pachas were sent by the Ottoman Porte to command them. They paid a certain sum annually to the Grand Signor, and in return were allowed to make as much as they could out of the people. In consequence, their exactions and imposts became so exorbitant that a revolt was threatened. To avert this, the Janissaries, or Turkish militia, settled at Algiers, sent a deputation to inform the Grand Signor of the state of affairs, and to propose that the Pachas should be recalled, and a Dey elected out of their body, who should be a vassal of the Porte's, and pay an annual tribute. This proposition was accepted; the Turks chose a chief, whom they swore to obey as the Sultan himself, but they gave him a divan at which all the officers of militia had a right to assist. The Dey gradually diminished the numbers and power of this court, so that at last they became absolute and despotic. The office, however, was strictly elective, and an interesting account of an election is given by our author. The chief ministers were six, each charged with one department of the administration. First was the *Kazem-Hadj*, or minister of finance; second, the *Aga*, or minister of war, who was also captain of the Janissaries, and commander-in-chief of all the Dey's forces; third, the *Ukilharg*, or minister of marine; fourth, the *Beth-el-mel*, charged in the name of the Dey with getting possession of all estates escheated to the crown by the capital punishment of the owners, their exile, slavery, or death without children; fifth, the *Kodja-del-Key*, or master of the horse; and sixth, the *Kodja-del-Oserra*, a sort of commissary-general. Under these were the *Mezuar*, or prefect of police, with several inferior officers, chiefly charged with the care of the city. As the Dey never left Algiers, the provinces, four in number, were entrusted to as many Beys, who were obliged to send up tribute every six months by their *Klefas*, or lieutenants, and to appear themselves once every three years, at stated periods, to give account of their administration, and bring a large subsidy. It was not without much pomp and ceremony that such illustrious personages moved, as our readers



will perceive from the following description:

The Bey left his capital, escorted by a part of his Janissaries, and three or four thousand Arab horsemen; he was accompanied by his ministers and all the kaits of tribes, and followed by eighty or a hundred mules laden with silver, and many others bearing the manufactures of the province, intended as presents to the Dey and his principal officers. They marched by easy stages, and encamped at night. Arrived before Algiers, the Bey halted, and pitched his camp in the plain in front of the garden of Mustapha Pacha, where he passed the night. The next morning all the ministers issued from the city with a strong guard, preceded by a band of music, and advanced to the tent of the Bey. He received them with much courtesy; coffee was served up, of which they partook, discoursing on matters of state, and not forgetting to assure the Bey how much he was indebted to them for their good word with the Dey; in return for which, they, of course, expected suitable presents. Meantime the mules, laden with silver and the precious things which were intended for the sovereign, advanced towards the city under an escort of cavalry. On arriving at the city gate, the convoy was received by a guard of Janissaries, who led it to the palace, where all the mules were unloaded and their burdens deposited in the treasury. When the Bey received advice that his silver was lodged in the Kasba, preceded by music, and accompanied by all the ministers, he left his camp to enter the city. All the streets through which he passed were crowded with people, to whom he threw handfuls of silver. The result was a succession of scuffles and quarrels, and noise and tumult, in the midst of which he reached the palace of the Dey. At the gate he descended, and remained there until the *Mezuar* came to disarm him, to take off his red boots, and to give him slippers in their place; then, accompanied by the ministers, he entered the palace, and went to kiss the hand of the Dey, who was seated on a throne to hear the account the Bey should give of his conduct.

When the sovereign was content with his governor, he caused him to be invested with a caftan of silk, and invited him, with all those who accompanied him, to sit down and take coffee. If, an instant after having kissed the Dey's hand, the Bey did not see the caftan brought, he might look on himself as lost; without delay, some executioners entered, led him to Darcerkadji, and strangled him. If he had been well received he remained about a quarter of an hour, then rose, again kissed the Dey's hand, and retired to a house which had been prepared for his reception.

His first care there was to order his kodja to send off dispatches, announcing his favourable reception, to his wives and the principal functionaries of the beylick. These dispatches were borne by couriers, at full gallop, and their arrival caused great joy; the wives gave money, the people shouted, and the functionaries had the cannon fired. The Bey remained eight days altogether at Algiers. Every morning he assisted at the Dey's levee, every evening he supped with one of the ministers, commencing with the Khazen-Hadji. It was on those occasions that he offered his presents, generally of very considerable value. Those to the Dey consisted of slaves, cattle, horses, lions, tigers, ostriches, and precious stuffs; the convoy of silver, which the Bey sent to the Kasba, was always accompanied by eighty beautiful horses destined for the Dey's stables. He never appeared in public without scattering silver amongst the crowd that always attended him.

The Friday after his arrival he went to the mosque with the Dey, the ministers, and principal officers of state,—the one to thank God for the good harvest he had made, the other to thank him for being still alive, and to pray for his assistance in recovering, on his return, as much as he had lavished in the capital. The seventh day, or that before his departure, the Bey received an acquittal for all that he had paid the treasury, and the eighth, after having assisted at the Dey's audience, he kissed his hand and returned to his house, where the Aga and the Khazen-Hadji came with music and a guard of honour to attend him to his camp. At his departure he was saluted by the cannon of the Kasba, and all the populace ran after him to catch the silver which he threw about, but in much less quantities than at his entry. When he reached the camp, and the ministers had taken leave of him, he dispatched two couriers to announce his return to his own capital; soon after which he struck his tent and marched.

The Bey's return was one scene of robbery and spoliation. All the chiefs of tribes along his route were obliged to come in and make him presents; if they failed he sent his Arab cavalry to harry their lands and drive off what booty they could. In this manner he gathered good store of grain, cattle, men, women, and children, which he never ransomed, but for a pretty considerable sum, so that he generally returned to his capital richer than he had left it. This triennial plunder sufficiently accounts, as M. Rozet observes, for the depopulation of Africa, and the wild unsettled habits of its scanty tribes.

We have endeavoured to render our extracts so varied as to present a general idea of this interesting volume. They are so numerous as to render a formal commendation unnecessary.

*Die Deutsche Litteratur.* [German Literature.] By Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart. London: Black, Young & Young.

If any of our countrymen should undertake a journey to Germany, or should have such plan in meditation, incited by a desire to see more than the surface of the country, we can recommend the above volume as among the best introductions to German life and literature. It has the advantage of being easy to construe and understand—no despicable matter—the author being so unorthodox as to use short sentences and intelligible phrases. Menzel, too, is a moderate man—no sectarian, like the Schlegels, or wild Catholic, like Schelling; he is deputy to the Chamber of Wurtemberg, and, as such, removed from any of the great headquarters of literary and religious parties. The work is divided into different chapters, each treating as a principal subject, Learning, Religion, Philosophy, Education, Criticism, &c. &c. We shall make some translations from his account of German poetry.

The taste for ancient poetry dates from the Thirty Years' War. This period, as well as the preceding age, had been devoted altogether to polemics, to biblical and sacred studies. Protestantism, always menaced and in danger, was an enthusiasm that looked to war; and even in peace, its light was that of northern snow—illuminating, indeed, but chilling. On the other hand, Catholicism, obliged to sheath the sword as unable to conquer, took to learning and study, in order to combat its adversary. Hence came the classics into repute. The Silesian school followed, with Opitz for its chief; and like to the French and Dutch, made

use of the same stage, Parnassus, whereon Apollo, in a periwig, led in a band of hooped and frizzled Muses. Klopstock, putting this court foolery to flight, introduced a true and classic, though cold style of poetry. But Klopstock was not a mere imitator of the antique: he brought forth and developed two ideas that thrilled through every German's heart—religion, and country (Fatherland).

After mentioning Voss, he passes to Lessing and Wieland, both classics—both of the utmost use in refining and polishing the national taste and tongue; and subsequently to the greater names of "Herder our Plato, Goethe our Homer, Schiller our Sophocles."

But it is somewhat stale to talk of the German classics. Let us hear what he says of the romantics:—

I find five sources of the romantic taste, that followed. The first source lies in the old fabulous, gigantic, witch and fairy traditions of the middle ages, which, during the reformation, were turned into ridicule, and came down to our times half burlesque, half fearful. The second is in the seeking for the wondrous in character and humanity, which came partly of imitating the Greek dramatists. The third lay in Schelling's school of philosophy, to which Jacob Boehm led the way—the exploring cosmogonies and mythologies, and seeking the fantastic even in the rational world. The fourth is in the Roman Catholic poetry, which Tieck followed up. The last is *nationality*, and Walter Scott is its great apostle.

The discussion of the romantics brings him again to Goethe—the universal Goethe—of whom it is evident Menzel is not a worshipper, however he be an admirer. He even endeavours to prove that talent, not genius, was the characteristic of that great man. His ideas on this head are but a repetition of those of Novalis:—

Goethe is an entirely practical poet. He is in his works what the Englishman is in his wares—perfect, neat, commodious, durable. He has worked in German literature what Wedgwood worked in pottery; he made it look like porcelain. He has, like the English, a natural, economical, and a reason-begotten taste. Take 'Wilhelm Meister,' for an example of Goethe's feeling. What is it but a 'Candide' written against poetry? It is the Atheism of art. But how remarkable is the management, which produces, with poor prosaic stuff, an effect so poetical.

We give this as a sample of the hypercritical attacks directed against the immortal name of Goethe; which, however, the bigot admiration of that great man's followers has too naturally called forth.

Another part of M. Menzel's book is on book-writing and the literary profession:—

The Germans do little, (saith he,) but they write much. When posterity comes to look back upon us, it will see but one huge mass of books, the names of the authors forgotten. We have lived in a book-world; and truly, instead of the double eagle, we showed but a goose in our armories.

He then proceeds to censure booksellers for multiplying books, and making literature a trade. He, moreover, complains that literature is in the dirt; that those who assume the highest places in it, do so because they cater only to the mode; whilst others seem to take the public for a pack of women and children, so coaxing, so light, so superficially didactic do they deem it necessary to write. The killing of all other works by periodicals, together with the number and ill condition

of these, is another complaint. In short, but for his tongue, we might think that the author was an English brother of the quill, so identical seem the literary ills of the two countries.

The section treating of religion is intrinsically the best and most interesting part of the book, giving an account of the state and progress of sectarianism in Germany, and describing the spirit of its different schools—of the high and papal Catholic, the moderate or liberal Catholic, and the poetical or apostolic Catholic, who would have the church resume poverty in order to regain influence, and to play over again the same part which it played in the middle ages. The Protestants he divides into the rigid and orthodox Lutherans, who would no more dare to criticise the Confession of Augsburg than a Papist would the Fathers, and the Evangelical or Calvinistic, whose creed is ever floating on the stream of philology and criticism. He goes at some length into the system of the Pietists, the saints and methodists of Germany; and from them naturally passes to the antagonist school of Rationalism, which is opposed to that of feeling. But the reader who is curious in polemics must himself have recourse to the volume.

One more extract from his philosophic section:—

Kant it was who awoke the universal mind of Germany, in literature as well as in philosophy. It was his learning that sent abroad that spirit of inquiry that regenerated philosophy, theology, and even political feeling, since its wide and lofty views of humanity taught toleration. To this the age itself was favourable. Frederick the Great had led to it by his contempt of bigotry, his welcome of strangers, his favouring of precise and rational science, his introduction of urbanity and of an European spirit. Both France and England displayed similar tendencies at the same time: Rousseau's feeling, Voltaire's reasoning, the fine pictures of humanity presented by Diderot, Goldsmith, Fielding, made their way into Germany, and aided the same impulse with Kant's Anthropology.

Fichte belonged to the period of the French Revolution, as Kant to the short interval of peace that preceded it. A general enthusiasm had taken possession of mankind. Men dreamed of a high moral government of the world—of a general republic—of intellect, at least. The French were the heroes of this new and half-imaginative world, and Fichte subscribed to all their principles at first, and participated in all their hopes. A crowd of politicians, historians, critics, followed him, and a species of *Fichtianism* pervaded the land. It captivated, however, youth more than age; and a chill of disappointment was soon thrown upon it by human events. Novalis, as a poet, followed Fichte. But Schelling's romantic, religious, and imaginative philosophy, was more congenial to the nation, and, except so far as its Catholicism is concerned, still in general prevails.

*La Vendée et Madame.* Par Le Général Dermoncourt. Paris: Canet; London, Baillière.  
*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.* By General Dermoncourt. London: Bull & Churton.

It is only at the last moment that we have received copies of these works. Seeing by advertisement in the daily papers, that the English edition was delayed in consequence of the arrival of more important documents, sent privately from France, and which they dared not publish in Paris, lest the work should be seized

by the government, we the more regret that we have not had time even to cut open all the leaves. Having, however, stumbled upon one very important note, explanatory of the reference made by the General to the secret information received by the Duchess from "individuals whom King Louis-Philippe considered the most devoted to him," we must find room for it.

"The General, who is the most amiable of men, can with difficulty make up his mind to give pain even to unworthy individuals. Being acquainted with every circumstance connected with the present work, I feel no hesitation in satisfying the curiosity of the English reader by filling up the hiatus left by the General. The writer of the letter informing the Duchess of Berri that she was betrayed, and would be arrested if she did not immediately leave Nantes, was M. D'Argout, then Minister of Commerce, who had long made a practice of giving her secret information, and acquainting her with all the secrets of the cabinet of Louis-Philippe.

"In the correspondence seized by General Dermoncourt, there were letters implicating several members of the French cabinet, more especially Marshal Soult, the War Minister. . . . Of course these letters, after their seizure, were forwarded to the proper authority, which happened to be precisely one of the parties implicated.

"Among the letters written to the Duchess of Berri, was one from Marshal Soult, stating that he would be 'entirely hers' (*tout à elle*) on condition that she would re-establish, in his favour, the office of Constable of France. Her reply was very characteristic; it was as follows:—

"Monsieur le Marechal,

"The sword of Constable of France is to be won only in the field of battle; I await your presence there."

"The reader may depend upon the accuracy of these details.—Tr."

By next Saturday we shall have had time to go carefully over the work, and, from the promise of this note, hope to find much important information in it.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'The Sunday Library for Young Persons: Life of John Howard.'*—This is the age of subdivision of labour: four men make a pin and two men describe it in a book for the working classes: we have family Shakespeares and stage Shakespeares; we have week-day libraries and Sunday libraries; history for the devout, and also for the profane: in short, the whimsical taste of the public is pampered and ministered to by the wise and the wicked, the politician and the priest; and we are not allowed to rough it through literature as our ancestors did, and form ourselves for society in our own way. Here is a work for the use of youth on Sundays; a production exclusively virtuous, which will not lead us into temptation, but elevate the mind to the contemplation of things above; and yet, though a Sunday book, it commences in a Monday sort of way: "How would it have surprised a person dealing with Mr. Newnam, a grocer in the city of London, if he had been told that the slender youth serving behind the counter as an apprentice would become in after-life so distinguished a person, as to have a marble monument erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral." This, we think, is something of a secular beginning. The volume however seems carefully compiled, and we need not say the subject is interesting.

*Mrs. Bray's Historical Novels. 'De Foix.'*—That this is a re-issue we cannot doubt—but the fact little concerns the public. They have here offered them three neat volumes, beautifully half bound, for twelve shillings; and no one with a

conscience can desire a cheaper edition. 'De Foix' is the first of a series of Mrs. Bray's Novels, and is therefore introduced by an original and very pleasant explanatory preface.

*'The Note Book of a Country Clergyman.'*—The object of the reverend author is, he says, "to illustrate the practical working of the parochial system maintained by the Church of England." This he exhibits satisfactorily at once, in the commencement of his work: "A nicer looking couple," he says, "than George and Mary Adams, never knelt together before the altar of our parish church, to receive the marriage benediction." What more would any one have? But we advise the reader not to stop at the beginning of our reverend friend's work; the tales which he relates are all good, and have a moral aim and purpose. 'The Funeral,' 'The Confession,' and 'The Smuggler,' wear the stamp of reality, and are affecting from the naked simplicity of the narratives.

*'Baker's Proof of the Christian Religion.'*—The design of this work is to exhibit the nature of the proofs by which the divine authority of Christianity is established; it possesses very considerable merit, displaying great logical acumen, an honourable spirit of candour, and a sincere anxiety to satisfy all reasonable doubts.

*'Silly on the Sufferings of Christ.'*—This little work may safely be recommended to the young christian; it breathes a spirit of pure piety, which cannot fail to delight those whose affections have not been yet blunted by intercourse with the world.

*'The Opera, by Philomousos.'*—A poetical trifle, in which a far better tempered critic than M. Fétis gives a sketch of the principal performers at the Opera during the late season—We shall give the opening verses as a specimen,

THE house is closed—the season o'er—  
 Laporte himself has shut the door;—  
 Euterpe's many a son and daughter  
 Have quitted town, and cross'd the water;  
 And some are gone to sing in France,  
 And some to Italy, to dance:  
 Some, making a provincial tour,  
 Some, starving in a second floor,  
 No "charming sounds that sweetly languish,"  
 Afford a refuge for our anguish;  
 No dulcet notes, nor piercing squalls  
 Are longer heard within those walls;  
 Nothing remains, since all is still,  
 But poor Laporte, to pay the bill!

Yet since oft, while the body sleeps,  
 Fancy her busy vigil keeps,  
 And memory walks her rounds, and strays  
 To former scenes and happier days;  
 Thus, without dealing in invective,  
 We'll take a survey retrospective  
 Of those, who yielded such a measure  
 Of Music's intellectual pleasure.

He concludes his notice of the singers in the same good humour.

So much for all these *Cantatori*!  
 (How brilliant, yet how brief their glory!)  
 A blaze of splendour, like a rocket,  
 Then falling stars, and empty pocket!

And to the lovely *Cantatrici*,  
 A few *Bars* rest, grant, I beseech ye—  
 With kindness, gentle readers, treat them,—  
 And ever "con amore" greet them:  
 For ah! poor things—they labour hard  
 For small and insecure reward;  
 A life of care—the loss of peace,  
 From fashion's frown, or man's caprice;  
 And few the Bank of England Notes  
 Exchang'd for *Issue* from their throats!

*'Religion; a Poem in two Parts; by H. H. Horton.'*—This is the effusion of a Birmingham bard; we can read, but we cannot commend it; there is no want of pious feeling; the flow of the muse and the harmony are here, but there is little loftiness of thought, little energy of expression; he who presumes to sing of things holy, should call on him

Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire,  
 for some of that heavenly heat which belongs to inspiration—an ordinary strain will not do for an extraordinary subject.

'*Bahrda, the Maid of the Ganges, and other Poems*; by W. W.'—The W. W. of Chelsea, is not quite equal to our W. W. of Rydal.

'*Sketches of Obscure Poets, with Specimens of their Writings*.'—The specimens are worth little—nothing; and the sketches are, we suspect, stolen. We know that the longest and the best, the account of William Hall, the Fen Poet, is taken word for word, specimens and all, without acknowledgment, from Hone's Table-Book.

'*The Young Man's Own Book*.'—This little manual abounds in practical instructions, and cannot be otherwise than useful to that too numerous class, whose education has been neglected.

'*Walker's Key to Classical Pronunciation*, improved by W. Trollope, M.A.'—Much has been added to this edition, and all the additions are improvements.

'*McPhun's Guide through Glasgow*.'—This is the guide-book for us; it fits our waistcoat pocket exactly, and when we visit the fair city of the west, we will take it in our hand and be guided by it.

'*Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*. Vol. V. Part I.'—This part contains four articles; three mathematical and one botanical. The first, by G. Green, Esq. is a series of mathematical investigations to determine the laws of the equilibrium of fluids analogous to the electric fluid. The writer has exhausted all the resources of modern analysis in the prosecution of his design; we were particularly pleased with his formula for expressing the value of the density of the free fluid, in an infinitely thin plate, supposing it acted upon by other fluid, distributed according to any given law in its own plane.

The second article, by the Rev. R. Murphy, is a simplification of Fourier's method of elimination between an indefinite number of unknown quantities; it displays great mathematical knowledge, and considerable ingenuity in taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the peculiar forms of the proposed equations.

The third article, by A. De Morgan, Esq., on the general equations of surfaces of the second degree, is rather too brief; it would require knowledge equal to his own, to read it with advantage. In the fourth article, by Professor Henslow, on a monstrosity in the common mignonette, he has done little more than describe the appearances; they tend to illustrate Professor Lindley's very ingenious theory respecting the flowers of the *Reseda* or mignonette, and they also illustrate the manner in which the reproductive powers of plants may be regarded as derived from modifications of the leaf.

'*Luni-solar and Horary Tables*, by Janet Taylor.'—A treatise on nautical astronomy by a lady is a very rare phenomenon; in this instance, rarity is the least important element of its value. The design of the work is to supply certain corrections to the ordinary nautical tables of sines, tangents and secants, in order to make them agree with the true arch of geocentric latitude. It is sufficiently notorious that a very slight error in estimating altitudes may be attended with serious consequences, and therefore we are bound to take advantage of every means afforded to us for approximating to accuracy. We can safely commend this work; the writer possesses sound mathematical knowledge, and has given some very excellent and simple solutions of important problems occurring in daily practice.

'*Ritchie's Principles of Geometry*.'—This is the best introduction to geometry that exists in our language; it is just the work by which a parent may be enabled to instruct his children in the elementary principles of the science, though his own knowledge of it be neither deep nor extensive. The practical applications which are

added, must render the study very delightful to the young, since the exercises on the principles will be found as amusing as the ordinary sports of childhood. We should recommend the author in his next edition, to enlarge the eleventh section. It has always appeared to us that the analogy between products and rectangles furnished the most convenient link for connecting arithmetical with geometrical science. By entering into fuller developments, we think that a foundation might be laid for establishing some of the principles of proportion, more especially the theorems connected with the geometric mean.

'*Lander's David and Goliath*.'—The work published with this enigmatical title, is an attempt to refute the Newtonian system of astronomy, by showing it to be inconsistent with Scripture. Mr. Lander informs us, that philosophers are the Philistines, Newton's astronomy the giant Goliath, his aged self young David, the five pebbles, which the Jewish hero took from the brook, Lander's five arguments, and the sheep which David left in the wilderness, the author's family neglected at Mere, Wilts, while he was employed in making this book. As Lander knows little about Scripture, and nothing about astronomy, his book is absurd, without being amusing.

'*Tiack's Greek Verb*.'—The author of this very excellent grammatical tract has adopted Thiersch's system of conjugation; he is very right; Thiersch has done more to facilitate the acquisition of this, the most important part of Greek grammar, than all our modern scholars put together. Buttman's complete Grammar, with some additions from Thiersch, is a work which we would gladly see published in this country.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### LYRICS OF HOME.—No. III.

By H. F. Chorley.

##### THE FALLEN ONE'S RETURN.

I HAVE come back though the twilight,  
Old home! to gaze on thee;  
Thy tall white well-known chimneys  
Through the laurel hedge I see,  
And thy rose-embowered windows  
With light in every pane:  
Ah! dark and heavy is her heart  
Who seeks thee once again!

Hark! what a peal of laughter,  
From the little ones at play:  
I've danced in yonder oriel  
As gleefully as they—  
Or listened there to goblin tales,  
Till I shook with creeping fear;  
That merry band would tremble too,  
If told that I was near!

Above, my mother's chamber!  
A lonely light is there;  
I know it is her wonted hour  
Of solitary prayer:  
Perchance she sits a-musing  
With the Bible on her knee,  
And her tears drop slowly on the page—  
Alas! they fall for me!

Through me, those threads of silver  
Have streaked her tresses brown;  
Through me, her tall and comely form  
Bends faint and feeble down;  
O might this dreadful anguish  
Her placid smile restore!  
But, no!—Farewell, my dear old home!  
I am lost for evermore!

#### FELLOWS.

To call a man a Fellow is no great compliment; but there are certain epithets attached to the word, by which it is rendered more than tolerable, and becomes acceptable, and even complimentary; yet, perhaps, after all, when we consider by whom the terms are used, and to whom they are generally applied, the honour will not seem very great. There are many fellows in this strange world of ours, and, peradventure, the most common of all is the Clever Fellow. Myriads and myriads are there of superficial, bustling, impertinent coxcombs, who are as anxious to obtain the title of clever fellows as a city alderman to attain to the honour of knighthood. I do not know whether I am right or not—perhaps not; but it has always appeared to me that the term clever fellow indicates the lowest grade of intellect, mixed with a portion of effrontery, and seasoned with a spice of vulgarity. The genuine idea of a clever fellow has an intermingling of cunning blended with it, and it is especially applicable to small scriveners and rogues' lawyers, who are most intimate with the darker passages and dirtier turnings, alleys, and doublings of the law. If a man has a quick eye for a flaw, a ready knack at puzzling what is plain, of obscuring what is obvious, and that for the purpose of injustice, he is called a clever fellow. The epithet appropriately belongs to low and vulgar minds, and it is by them that it is given; yet even by them it is seldom seriously bestowed on the higher orders of mind—indeed, the higher orders of mind are above the comprehension of clever fellows. A thoroughly clever fellow must not have much originality about him, for if so, he would be unintelligible to the many; he must have nothing of abstraction or deep thought, else he will appear as a mere plodder—a dull mechanical genius. Your true clever fellow had better not think at all, for there is always a set of opinions ready made for clever fellows. He must arrive at all his knowledge intuitively. His mind must possess that sort of swagger which marks the gait of a harlequin at Sadler's Wells; and his logic must be that which jumps to a conclusion, and laughs at the slow-paced wisdom which would advance carefully, step by step. He must be always ready to laugh at what he cannot understand, for a contemptuous laugh is a sure sign of superiority,—or at least of a consciousness of it, which is the distinguishing feature of a clever fellow. It is a certain fact—an axiom as clear as any in Euclid—that whatever does not come within the compass of a clever fellow's understanding must be exquisitely ridiculous. And, as a clever fellow is nothing without superiority, and as superiority is manifested by a contemptuous looking down on others, it becomes a duty which a clever fellow owes to himself to preserve constantly on his features a ready-made sneer, which seems to call the rest of the world fools. I do not know that it is any real sign of wisdom for a man to think it impossible for any one differing from himself to possess a grain of understanding, but this is usually the habit of clever fellows—they are the dandies of vulgar intellect—the exclusives of common-place pertness. To speak phrenologically, they have not the organ of veneration, or, if it exist at all, it is developed inwardly, that is, enveloped, and all their veneration is for themselves. They are not of opinion that they possess all knowledge, but they are so perfectly satisfied with what they do possess, that they think all other knowledge very little better than ignorance. Whatever a clever fellow does not know, he thinks not worth knowing; and he will take care to let you understand that the knowledge which he possesses not, is not out of his reach, but without the compass of his desires. The fox that declared the grapes sour, was a clever fellow; and his mortification at



not being able to reach them was not, I dare say, so great as his satisfaction at the ingenious thought of pronouncing them not worth reaching. A clever fellow is clever all over—mind and body too; indeed, his mind and body are one—for your true clever fellow is not a believer in mind independent of matter, (which, by the way, is rather strange, seeing that his own mind is no great matter); but let that pass—he is clever in body as well as in mind. He has a pretty and pert dexterity, fitting him well to play the part of Merry Andrew or Jack Pudding to a travelling conjuror—indeed, I do not know any situation more peculiarly fitted to show forth the talents of a clever fellow than this; and I should think it the climax of compliment to pay to a clever fellow, to say that he is a complete Jack Pudding—just as it would be a compliment to a mathematician to say that he is a complete Sir Isaac Newton. A Jack Pudding, you will observe, must needs have great activity of body and dexterity of hand; he must have a quick eye and a ready wit, moreover, he requires, for the due performance of his important functions, a most especial share of conceit and impudence—he must be ready to make a joke of anything, of everything, of nothing—in a word, he must be a clever fellow.

There is another sort of fellow called a Good Fellow. This word "good" is a great, large, big, bouncing adjective, but marvellously elastic withal, and fitting itself to many substantives of various and even of opposite qualities. Grammarians, who are the only people in the world that know nothing of grammar, say that the use of words is to express our ideas; whereas all the world knows that the real use of words is to conceal our ideas. In like manner, these silly grammarians say that the adjective is used to express or to show the quality of the substantive; whereas, in truth, the substantive is used to express the quality of the adjective;—for what, in the name of common sense, is the meaning of the word "good" as it stands by itself? but, clap a substantive to it, and you have a solution at once;—thus, for instance, in the case of good fellow, the word "fellow" shows you the meaning of the word "good." There is a great difference between a good fellow and a clever fellow: a clever fellow is far from being a good fellow, he is rather a good-for-nothing fellow. A clever fellow is always bustling about, like a parched pea on a shovel; but a good fellow is as quiet as a mouse, and as easy as an old shoe. A clever fellow has all his eyes about him, but a good fellow never has his eyes above three quarters open. He takes the world as he finds it, and thinks it on the whole a pretty sort of thing, and never meditates pulling it to pieces to make it go better, as babies do with watches. A clever fellow will be sure to contradict you, whatever you say: a good fellow will be sure to agree with you, whatever you say. A good fellow is a kind of tame bear, clumsy, but tractable; you may lead him anywhere, and persuade him to anything. He will tell you good stories if you like to listen to him, and if you do not, he will listen to your bad ones. He will laugh at your jokes and pity your griefs. He will eat at any table, and drink at any tavern. He will chirp over his glass, and praise the nastiest wine that was ever bottled. He will never be the first to break up a party, but will sit beyond midnight, kindly oblivious of his wife and children. A good fellow is quite in his glory, and at the very perfection of his goodness, when he is half drunk or half asleep. If you have wit, you may make him your butt; and if you have not, you may play off your stupidity upon him, and he will take it for wit. He must care for nobody, but be at everybody's service. He bears no resentments, and is obliging to all the world, except his own family, of whose existence he seems hardly aware. His mind,

like his body, seems to have acquired a habit of sitting quietly down and confining itself to a place. He is a man who looks as though he had forgotten yesterday and had no thought for to-morrow. He is a complete nose of wax, to be twisted or squeezed into any shape. He has no mental or moral characteristics whatever—he is not a good man or a bad man, but he is a good fellow: he has neither wit nor wisdom, but he is a good fellow: he has done nothing that any one can recollect—he has filled no heart with gratitude and no tongue with his praises, but he is a good fellow. If he fall into trouble, (which he is pretty sure to do, for he takes no pains to keep out of it,) his friends pity him, it is true; but they have a very queer way of pitying him—they laugh at him with tears in their eyes. They will not give him sixpence, but they will say he was a good fellow.

Now, hereby we are brought to the acquaintance of another species of fellow—to wit, the Poor Fellow—another, and yet not another. A worn out good fellow makes a poor fellow, and so does a done up clever fellow. A poor fellow is a kind of waste-but for superfluous pity, and the dregs of sympathy:—compassion is not kindly administered, but carelessly thrown at him. His name is mentioned at tables where once he sat gaily and gloriously; and there starts up at the sound of it a vision of a threadbare coat of doubtful colour, of a napless hat with a crown that flaps up and down in the wind, and with a flabby brim that will never flap up again—a vision of leaky shoes, of greasy trousers, of lantern jaws, and long grey hair; and the guests say "Poor fellow!"—then they drink their wine to drown the thought of him—thus laying the ghost in a red sea. A poor fellow is like a drone in autumn—there is something passing melancholy in the slowness of its gait, and there is in its form and aspect that which tells of a by-gone summer—of an evanescent brightness—a temporary flutter and gaiety; but cold winds are come, and heavy clouds hang their damp drapery in a gloomy sky, and the poor shivering drone is creeping to as warm a death as it can find. The pity with which men look upon a poor fellow is as different from the compassion with which they regard a poor man, as the praise which they bestow on a good fellow differs from the respect with which they treat a good man. There is something painful in the familiarity of pity, and the pertness of a half humorous sympathy. Even the truly generous feel some repugnance in administering to a poor fellow which they do not feel in relieving a poor man. A poor fellow reminds you of gay days; and there is a thought, not to be surmounted, that some moral obliquities have assisted to form the downward slope into the valley of adversity; while the poor fellow himself feels more deeply than all, the contrast of the present with the past—he knows that the past will never be present again, therefore he wishes the present to be past as soon as possible.—Poor fellow!—Drop the curtain—drop the curtain.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE daughter of O'Keeffe, the once celebrated and popular dramatic writer, is, we hear, about to publish by subscription her father's MSS. Poems. The pension graciously allowed by his late, and continued by his present Majesty, of course ceased at O'Keeffe's death, and his dramatic copyrights not being secured by the late bill, the daughter is, we regret to learn, left wholly unprovided for. Miss O'Keeffe, now getting into the sear and yellow leaf—if such a thing may be said of a lady—is herself a writer, and may therefore be supposed to have some claim on the public—but, and it is a far higher one, she is a most amiable woman. Though not personally known to us, it is within our personal

knowledge, that she devoted the better part of a pretty long life to the most assiduous attendance on her father, who was blind for many years; and we have heard those who had frequent opportunities of observing the patient care with which she led him day after day, and year after year, on his melancholy walks, speak with enthusiastic admiration of her unwearied devotion. We trust that Englishmen—but our best hopes are in Englishwomen—will feel that such a claim must be recognized. The Poems are to be comprised in one volume, price 7s. 6d. to be paid for on delivery; and subscriptions are received by Miss O'Keeffe herself, and Mr. Skelton, bookseller, both of Southampton. A London agent should be forthwith named.

We have this week to announce the death of Joseph Haslewood, Esq., a gentleman, to whom the public is indebted for many valuable reprints of curious and rare works. He was of humble origin, and owed little to early education; but by indefatigable zeal and perseverance, he collected together a great deal of curious information, and was generally admitted to have few superiors in what is called bibliographical knowledge, especially in all that related to our early poets and dramatists. He was one of the founders of the Roxburghe Club, and has left a curious and valuable, though not very extensive collection of books and MSS., which will, we believe, be sold early in the spring. He was in private life a sociable and pleasant man, and will be regretted in the limited circle of his personal friends.

The departure of Mr. Leslie from this country, announced last week, cannot be passed over as an ordinary event; it is, we know, a subject of deep and general regret among artists, and indeed to all, especially the admirers of that elegant and difficult department of art, genteel comedy, in which he was so pre-eminent. To his personal friends his absence can hardly be supplied; and they must be left to regret that they shall no longer enjoy that society, and those happy hours which his private worth, his intelligence, and affectionate disposition made so delightful and instructive. Mr. Leslie leaves us for a permanent and honorable situation under the American Government, in a department in which the assistance of his professional talents is required. He felt it a duty he owed himself, his family, and his country, to give this offer, at least, a trial; especially after the flattering invitation of the President Jackson, in his letter to him, and from the honourable distinction which it conveyed. We expressed our fears that Mr. Leslie had not been sufficiently patronized here; we are informed that in this respect he had no reason to complain; that he was indeed grateful for the encouragement he had received, and that of late his commissions increased. It deserves, however, to be mentioned that others entertained the same opinion, and that a high-minded nobleman, in no way more distinguished than as a liberal friend of art—the Earl of Egremont—most generously offered him 1000 guineas to paint a companion to a picture which he had already executed for him. This noble offer was as nobly refused on the part of the artist, who replied, "that to receive a commission given under such an impression, he should consider little better than robbery." It was not without pain that Leslie thought of leaving England, so greatly endeared to him; and most of all, he regretted his removal from the "only country where living art is to be found"—that he should no longer behold the talent annually displayed—and, in particular, the works of Chantrey, of Wilkie, of Turner, the native freshness of the landscapes of Constable, and the grace and elegance of the portrait composition of Chalon." It is however pleasant to know that his admirable works will continue to grace the walls of the Royal Academy; that he has

not resigned his diploma, and that we may still look forward to future gratification from the creations of a pencil which has embodied forth, with such congeniality of sentiment—free from all common or vulgar feeling—the humour and pathos of a Sterne—the chivalrous eccentricities of Don Quixotte—the rich, racy, worldly wit of Falstaff—and the elegance and refinement of polished life, in his picture of 'The Grosvenor Family.'

Eheu! quam tenuis filo pendet  
Quidquid in vita maxime ardet.

## FINE ARTS

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We have been indulged with a look at the pictures for the Autumnal Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. They are numerous and valuable, and remarkably well arranged; the works of the dead mingle gracefully with those of the living, the former however prevail. Other Exhibitions seek contrast in the distribution of works on the walls—this Society are solicitous about harmony; the eye pursues the line of pictures without being offended by startling oppositions of light and shade. There is also a judicious mixture of the little and the large. Among the former, we have many of the fine engravings of Bone, a number of exquisite Stothards, and sundry sketches of landscape, by John Wilson, of great truth and force. Among the latter, we number several splendid Wilsons—'Cicero's Villa,' recalling the times of Roman greatness, and 'Langallion, in Wales,' which shows that our own isle, when looked on with poetic eyes, may vie in landscape with Italy. Reynolds is in great perfection: there are several of those half ideal and half portrait pictures in which he excelled; but the most remarkable is a full size sketch for a large picture of 'Gray's Bard chanting his last sad song to the invaders of his country.' This picture was in the collection of Mrs. Thrale, of whom there is an admirable portrait. One of the noblest pictures is by Gainsborough: it represents two fine dogs quarrelling, while two lads are all but quarrelling also; the grandeur of the landscape, in the bosom of which this rustic contest goes on, the life, the nature, the ease and boldness of the combatants, and the prodigious force of colour, unite in making this one of the most successful pictures of the British School. Beechey, Hopper, Smirke, Hogarth, Constable, Louthborough, Opie, Fuseli, Eddy, Morland, Crome, Turner, West, Zoffani, Jackson, and others scarcely less eminent, are there in great strength.

## THEATRICALS

NOTE of preparation is all we have to sound this week.

The two great single gentlemen rolled into one, or the Theatres Royal Covent Lane and Drury Garden, will shortly commence their Siamese Season.—The Adelphi will open on Monday next with a new romantic drama, in the style which that house has made its own, with Mr. Bernard's popular farce of the 'Mummy,' and 'The Loves of the Angels,' a burlesque imported from the Strand Theatre, and re-christened 'The Loves of the Stars,' at the particular instigation, as we understand, of the Licensor, who has stood godfather upon the present occasion.—Madame Vestris has a strong company; indeed, in point of comic strength, it could scarcely be surpassed if all the remaining actors and actresses in London were congregated in one theatre. Not to go further, there are four names which will fully bear us out in this assertion.—Mr. Liston, Mr. Keeley, Madame Vestris, and Mrs. Orger. This house will also open on Monday, with three novelties: a burletta, by the author of 'The Water Party,' in which Mr. Liston and

Mrs. Orger will appear; a burletta, by the author of 'The Chimney Piece,' in which Mr. Keeley will make his bow; and a burlesque, by the authors of 'Olympic Revels.' Thus there will, at all events, be novelty in plenty as to quantity—time must develop the quality.

## THE ORANGE THEATRE, CHELSEA.

It is a long time since we have had an opportunity of personally visiting this establishment, but we have been favoured, by a correspondent, with a short notice of it, which, after much consideration, we have determined to present to our readers. We should not have hesitated a moment, but that there is a little pervading air of partiality about it, and a peculiar construction, which makes us strongly suspect it to have been written by some personal friend of the proprietors.

"The Orange Theatre under the management of Mr. Smithers improves rapidly, taking such parts to himself that does much Credit to his figure and talents his horsemanship and millers of Mansfield is very attractive and Creates roars of Laughter."

## MISCELLANEA

Bruxelles, Sept. 23.—[Extract from a Private Letter.]—I avail myself of a leisure moment to "prate to you of our whereabouts." Know, then, that we arrived here a week ago, intending only to remain twenty-four hours, and then proceed onwards—but, "l'homme propose et Dieu dispose,"—we found such a promise of a rich harvest of entertainment, that we at once resolved to remain till the *fêtes* are over. This, you probably know, is the first of four days of festivity, dedicated to the remembrance of the four days of fighting at the outbreak of the Revolution three years ago. The amusements are all for the people, and I shall be much disappointed if they do not afford me some insight into their character and feelings. Among other entertainments, an exhibition of pictures is opened to-day to the public, including the works not only of native, but of French and English artists. Among others, Martin's 'Nineveh' is conspicuous, and greatly admired. I have had a peep behind the curtain, and am sorry to say, that both the French and English are fairly beaten by the Belgians in the departments of *tableaux de genre* and landscape. There are a great many English here—I have seen Mr. Charles Grant, Mr. Wynne, Dr. Bowring—and, among the most courted, Lady Morgan. I think the latter stands some chance of having her head turned by the attentions paid to her. Go where she will, she is flattered equally by the Ministerial and the Opposition party—by *littérati* and artists. It is said that she intends writing a work on Belgium, and in defence of the people; and I hear that she has been urged to do so by influential persons, who have offered her all sorts of information.

Steam Carriages.—According to an account in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, King Leopold is taking an active part in the attempt to introduce Steam Carriages into Belgium, which, being generally a flat country is well suited for the purpose. The chief Belgian competitors, says the writer, "are M. Dietz, and M. Couchans, of Charleroi, both of whom have been making experimental trials, with carriages of their own construction, in the neighbourhood of Brussels. The carriage of Dietz seems to be rather a stupendous affair—eight tons weight, and fourteen feet high! It is hung, however, on springs—enormous steel springs (*sur d'énormes ressorts d'acier*). The boiler is composed of six elliptical chambers, placed in pairs one above the other, which contain altogether 240 square feet of heating surface. There are two pistons, which turn two cranks, which turn two pulleys, which carry two endless chains,

which turn the two hind wheels, by which (alone) the carriage is propelled. There is but one wheel in front, and that is used as a guide wheel. The engine is stated to be able, in ascending hills, to exert a power of 120 horses, and there appears to be some arrangement by which in such cases the wheels may have the help of cogs (*sont garnies de billets de bois de bout*.) The rival steam-carriage of M. Couchans has four wheels, and a separate cylinder and piston for each wheel. The circumference of the wheels is stated to be "elastic," which means, we presume, that they are constructed on the give and take principle of our Messrs. Jones & Company's patent wheels. The results of the experiments hitherto made with these carriages are but indifferent. The greatest speed realized is likened to the "*galop d'un bon cheval*."

Van Dieman's Land.—Letters received, and dated May last, make mention of a newly discovered tract of land said to be unrivalled for luxuriance, and admirably suited for grazing and agriculture. An exploring and clearing party had been dispatched, and the government were already building houses, and had determined to form a settlement there of the Pensioners lately arrived. The country is said to be very beautiful, and to include large tracts of fine clear upland, with spots of excellent forest and fine plains of rich alluvial pasture—to be well watered, abounding in cattle as fat as if stall fed—and to be very easily accessible from Hobart Town.

Printing Establishment in New York.—In the establishment of the Messrs. Harpers, of this city, there are 17 presses, and working by horse power, which equals the work of seven common presses; and the persons employed in stereotyping, printing, and bookbinding departments, are 140 in number.—The printing of the establishment costs 100 dollars, and the paper 200 dollars a day; they employ a considerable number of workmen out of their own quarters; turn out, on an average, every day in the year, a book of the Family Library size; the postage bill of the firm is about one thousand dollars per annum.—It is but a few years since the Harpers were journeymen printers.—*Klickerbacker*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Thur. 19        | 61 52              | 29.80            | S.W.       | Clear.   |
| Frid. 20        | 65 46              | 30.00            | Var.       | Cloudy.  |
| Sat. 21         | 60 47              | Stat.            | Ditto.     |          |
| Sun. 22         | 67 50              | 29.65            | E.         | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 23         | 67 50              | 29.50            | S.E.       | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 24        | 63 52              | 29.12            | S.E. to S. | Moist.   |
| Wed. 25         | 71 50              | 29.45            | S.         | Ditto.   |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 57.5°. Greatest variation, 29°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.56.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.  
Day decreased on Wednesday, 4 h. 36 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Life of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M., by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., of Saint John's College, Cambridge.

Moments of Idleness; or, a Peep into the World we call ours.

Just published.—The Etheringtons, 18mo. 2s.—Memoirs of the Rev. H. Davis, 12mo. 3s.—Insect Histories, 12mo. 5s.—The Duchess of Berri in la Vendée, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Cruikshank's Facetiae, Vol. 3, for 1834, with 60 Engravings, 10s.—History of the Soul, by the Rev. J. Hambleton, 3s. 6d.—Swinburne's Farmer's Account-Book, 9s.—Waldemar, a Tale (Library of Romance, Vol. 8), 6s.—Humble's Bible Questions, 12mo. 2s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. 18, Ormond, 5s.—Del Mar's Theoretical and Practical Spanish Grammar, 12mo. 6s.—The Fathers of the Wesley Family, by W. Beal, 12mo. 2s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sancho Panza—G. J. H.—Veritas—received.  
L. W. C.—we decline.





## FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND AMERICAN LIBRARY.

New Rooms, Circulating Library,  
WEST OF ENGLAND LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,  
G. G. BENNIS, AGENT.

All affairs relating to Great Britain, Ireland, and America

THE NEWS ROOMS of this Establishment, the most considerable in Europe, are spacious, magnificent, and delightfully situated; they contain all the principal Newspapers of England, Ireland, Scotland, America, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Algiers, Egypt, &c. and the Magazine and Reviews, popular, literary, scientific, naval and military.—Four hundred journals are received, of which one hundred and forty are in English.—Agency for Periodicals.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY comprises 40,000 volumes of the most interesting and newest works in French, English, German, Italian, and Spanish. Every literary propensity may be here gratified.—All information afforded to the inquiries of strangers.

LIBRARY.—An extensive assortment of Books, in all languages, on sale. A case of Books is dispatched the first of every month for England; a case also leaves London, from 30, Paternoster-row, for this library, the first of every month, exclusive of other periods.—Orders are requested in time.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—Desirous to afford every facility to parties on the Continent, insuring, a Chief Office is established in Paris, where, on a reduced scale of premiums, insurances on lives are effected.

Office of the PARIS ADVERTISER; published on Sundays.—Advertisements and communications received. The circulation of the paper is extensive, and is sent to all parts of any other on the Continent; it is taken at the principal Institutions, Public Offices, Reading Rooms, Libraries, Hotels, and Coffee Houses throughout Europe, where it is filed for daily reference.

Insertions are permanent for a week—the public pay for one advertisement instead of seven: this is a powerful economy, in consequence of which they can afford to enter more into detail in their announcements.

Traders, Public Companies, Institutions, and Professions, disposed to try the effect of keeping their names constantly before the public—in an advantage which few daily estimate—will, on condition of giving an order for insertions for one year, or even for six months certain, be met on liberal terms.

For the proceedings of meetings, law and official documents, sales by auction, bookellers' advertisements, and other insertions of extraordinary length, a very moderate tariff is fixed.

35, RUE NEUVE SAINT AUGUSTIN, PARIS,  
One door from 11, Rue de la Paix.

MR. COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.  
This day is published, in 3 vols. 2vo.

THE HEADSMAN.  
By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.  
Author of 'The Spy,' 'The Pilot,' &c.  
Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradburn; Edinburgh; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin. To be had also of all respectable Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.  
In 2vo. with Engravings, price 10s.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND 1832.  
By an AMERICAN.  
In 8vo. with a Portrait, price 15s.

Four Voyages in the Chinese Sea, Atlantic, Pacific, Indian and Antarctic Oceans. By Captain Benjamin Morrell.  
In small folio, price 11. 1s.

Fac-simile of Washington's Accounts during the American Revolution.  
In 12mo. with a Portrait, price 6s.

The Letters of the British Spy. By William Wirt, Esq. 10th edition, revised and corrected.  
In the press.

A New Theory of Terrestrial Magnetism.  
By Samuel L. Mearns, M.D.  
London: O. Rich, 12, Red Lion-square.

On the 1st of October,  
ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,  
No. 21, price 1s. 6d.

A TALE OF THE TYNE.  
By HARRIET MARTINEAU.  
Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated. Part II. THE HAMLETS; a Tale. By Harriet Martineau.  
This series will consist of Four Parts, price 1s. each.  
Charles Fox, Paternoster-row.

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.—  
THE OCTOBER Number of this cheap and select Library of the best Modern Fictions, contains the celebrated Stories entitled 'HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS,' by T. C. Grattan, Esq. In this unique Collection have also appeared, 'FELHAM,' 'DREYER,' 'THE NEWLY-DECEASED,' 'MR. BOWEN,' 'TREMAYNE,' and 'DE VERE,' by Mr. Ward; 'GRANBY,' by Mr. Lister; and 'VIVIAN GREY,' by Mr. B. D'Israeli.

They are published at a lower price than the Watery Novels, being only 4s. per volume, bound in morocco cloth.  
Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley, New Burlington-street.

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.  
On the 1st of October will be published, price 6s. neatly bound in cloth.

W A L D E M A R:  
A Tale of the Thirty Year War.  
By the Author of 'Tales of a Physician.'

Forming the 4th Volume of  
THE LIBRARY OF ORIGINAL ROMANCE.  
Published every alternate Month. The following have already appeared—

1. The Ghost-Hunter. By J. B. B. 2. The Stolen Child. By Galt. 3. The Headman. 4. The Slave King. By Victor Hugo. 5. The Slave King. By Victor Hugo. 6. The Slave King. By Victor Hugo.

Vol. 7, published on the 1st of August, contains an Original Persian Romance, entitled THE KHAN'S TALE. By James Balfour Fraser, Esq.

Any of the above Volumes may be had separate, price only 6s. 8d. with, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

## A New FRENCH and ENGLISH GRAMMAR, upon a Methodical Plan, with copious Exercises on Orthography, Syntax, and Punctuation, extracted from the best Authors, and disposed in accordance with the Rules; by NOËL and CHAPLAIN. A Work placed among the Class-books by the Royal Council of the University of Paris, translated from the 3rd Parisian edition, and adapted to the Use of the English Students, by J. H. SIEVRAK.

Dulau and Co. Foreign Bookellers, 37, Soho-square.

Just published, in 8vo. price, bound, 6s.

LENOIR'S LOGOGRAPHIC EMBLEMATICAL FRENCH SPELLING-BOOK. Seventh edition, corrected and considerably improved.

Counters to ditto, in a Box, price 18s.

Dulau and Co. Foreign Bookellers, 37, Soho-square.

Just published, price 3s. 12mo. bound,

A THEORETICAL and PRACTICAL GRAMMAR of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, wherein the Rules are systematically laid down, and the principal difficulties explained according to the decisions of the French Academy.

By M. DE LEVIZAC.  
Twentieth edition, with numerous corrections, additions, and improvements.

By J. H. SIEVRAK.  
London: Dulau and Co. 37, Soho-square; Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane; Longman and Co. Paternoster-row; Simpkin and Co. Stationers'-hall-court; Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row; J. Cumming, Dublin; and Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh.

Published this day,  
ANNA MARIA PORTER—SIR DAVID BAIRD—JOHN HUNTER—are the Portraits and Medals in Part 54 of THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Imperial vol. 3s. 6d.; India proofs, 4s.  
Single proofs for framing, 6s. 2s. each.

Lord Eldon—Thomas Moore—Sir Alex. Johnston—form the Contents of Part 5 (New Edition) of The National Portrait Gallery. Imp. 50s. 2s. 6d.

THE LATE JEDEDIAH STRUTT.  
Johnston—form the Contents of Part 5 (New Edition) of The National Portrait Gallery. Imp. 50s. 2s. 6d.

The Imperial Magazine, for October, price 1s. contains a Portrait and Memoir of Jedediah Strutt, Esq. of Derby. Among the various Contents of this Number will be found—Interesting Particulars, Anecdotes, &c. of the late venerated Hannah More (of whom a Portrait and Memoir were given in the January 1833 Number); Notes of a Tour in Albania; &c. &c.

History of Lancashire. By Edward Baines, Esq. Part 2. Embellished with Views of Holme Hall, and the Chapter House, Furness Abbey.  
London: Fisher, Son, and Co.

3rd edition, price 4s.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON SOME DIS-EASES, which may be considered the usual Source of Mental and General Debility, or producing extreme Nervous Sensibility.

By JOHN GUY.  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Published by the Author; and sold by Burgess and Hill, 55, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket; Chapple, 39, Pall Mall; Onghy, 4, Catherine-street, Strand; or at 4, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury; March, 1833, Oxford-street; Chapple, 96, Royal Exchange; and by all Booksellers.

"This little but important treatise is replete with practical and scientific information. We can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a pamphlet as Mr. Guy's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself; and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well-timed surgical essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."

Monthly Magazine.

On the 31st of October will be published,  
Nos. XIII. and XIV. of the  
EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY;

Being the  
HISTORY OF ARABIA, Ancient and Modern; containing a Description of the Country—an Account of its Inhabitants, Antiquities, Political Condition, and Early Commerce—the Life and Religion of Mohammed—the Congress, Arts, and Literature of the Saracens—the Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Africa, and Spain—the Civil Government and Religious Ceremonies of the Modern Arabs—Origin and Supremacy of the Wahabites—the Institutions, Character, Manners, and Customs of the Bedouins; and a comprehensive View of its Natural History.

By ANDREW CRICHTON.  
With the most accurate, complete, and beautiful Map of Arabia ever submitted to the public, and highly-finished illustrative Engravings by Jackson.

The following valuable Works have also appeared in the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' with carefully-executed Maps, Portraits, and numerous other appropriate Engravings. Price of each volume, in cloth boards, 5s.

1. Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Sea and Regions, &c. and  
2. Discovery and Adventure in Africa. 2nd edition.

3. View of Ancient and Modern Egypt. 2nd edition.

4. Palestine, or the Holy Land. 3rd edition.

5. Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier. 2nd edition.

6, 7, 8. Historical and Descriptive Account of British India. 3 vols.

9. Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America.

10. Travels and Researches of Alexander von Humboldt. 2nd edition.

11. Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. 2nd edition.

12. Nubia and Abyssinia.  
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

## STUART'S COMMENTARY on the HEBREWS.

By the Rev. MOSES STUART, M.A.,  
Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, United States.

Republished under the care of E. Henderson, Doct. Phil. Uniform with 'Stuart's Commentary on the Romans.'

London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; and Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Tubb, Oxford; Deighton, Cambridge; Wakeman, and Cumming, Dublin; Gilphart, and Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and Collins, Glasgow.

October 14th will be published,  
FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP

BOOK for 1834; containing 36 highly-finished Plates, with Poems, &c. by E. L. Denny, Esq. tastefully bound. 21s.

The 'Fallen Temple and lonely Tomb' of India, conjoined with English Landscapes, Portraits of distinguished Individuals, which may possess a general or peculiar interest, and some few fanciful subjects, give the charm of variety to the pictorial delineations of this Volume.

The principal feature in the Literary Department is a long and connected Poem, founded on Indian history, which, as the Author observes, is full of the richest material for narrative, abounding with incidents of touching interest and of wild adventure.

London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

THE BIBLICAL CABINET.  
This day is published, price 5s. THE FIFTH VOLUME of the Biblical Cabinet, comprising Vol. I. of

AN EXPOSITION OF  
ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE to the ROMANS;

translated from the original German of Dr. F. A. G. THOLUCK, by the Rev. R. MENZIES.

Edinburgh: Thomas Clark; London: J. G. and F. Rivington; Dublin: W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Of whom may be had all the previous Volumes, viz.—Vol. I. and IV. Ernesti's Principles of Interpretation. Vol. II. Philological Tracts on the New Testament, observing with incidents of touching interest and of wild adventure.

Vol. III. Tillmann's Synopsis of the New Testament.

This day is published, price 2s. boards,  
A PARAPHRASE of the PSALMS, executed in Blank Verse: with strict attention to the Notes and Comments of Bishop Horley, Horne, &c., and closely approximated to the Text of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament and the Liturgy.

By P. J. DUCAREL, Esq.  
Printed for Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 33, Paternoster-row.

WORKS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS,  
Published by Baldwin and Cradock, London.

AN ELEMENTARY SYSTEM OF  
PHYSIOLOGY; with a General Inquiry, by JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D., F.R.S., &c. In 3 large vols. 8vo. price 24. 6s. boards.

A New Supplement to the Pharmacopœia of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris. By James Rees, 3rd edition, much improved, 8vo. price 12s. boards.

Elements of Experimental Chemistry. By William Henry, M.D., F.R.S., &c. The 11th edition, comprehending all the Recent Discoveries; and illustrated with Ten Plates of Lowry, and several Engravings on Wood. In 3 vols. 8vo. price 17. 10s. boards.

An Outline of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity. By Thomas Thomson, M.D.; being a First Portion of a New Edition of Dr. Thomson's 'System of Chemistry.' In a thick Volume, with numerous Engravings on Wood. In 3 vols. 8vo. price 17. 10s. boards.

An Attempt to establish the First Principles of Chemistry by Experiment. By Thomas Thomson, M.D., Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow. In 3 vols. 8vo. price 17. 10s. boards.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Dropsical, Calculous, and other Affections of the Urinary Organs. With Remarks on the Importance of attending to the State of the Urine in Organic Disease of the Kidney and Bladder; with some Practical Rules for determining the Nature of the Disease, and the Securable and Chemical Properties of that Secretion. By William Prout, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo. 2nd edition, much enlarged, with Coloured Representations of various Calculi. 12s. boards.

Also recently published, in a large volume 8vo. price 12s. 6d. Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of John Armstrong, M.D., &c.; to which is added, an Inquiry into the Facts connected with those forms of Fever attributed to Malaria or Marsh Effluvia. By Francis Booth, M.D., &c.

14TH EDITION OF EWING'S GEOGRAPHY.  
In 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound, or with Nine Maps, 6s. 6d.

A SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, from the latest and best Authorities; including also the Elements of Astronomy, an Account of the Solar System, a variety of Problems to be solved by the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary containing all the Names of Places which occur in the Text. By THOMAS EWING, Teacher of Elocution, Geography, History, &c., Edinburgh.

It is revising this system of Geography for a new edition, every care has been bestowed to bring down such improvements as might assist its established reputation. The history of the various countries is brought down to the present time, and all attention having been paid to all the political changes; which, however, have not rendered necessary a different arrangement, except in the disjunction of Belgium from Holland, and of Greece from Turkey.

The former editions of this Work have been reviewed in the most favourable manner in all the leading Journals of Great Britain.

Ewing's New General Atlas; containing distinct Maps of all the principal States and Kingdoms throughout the World, in which the most recent Geographical Discoveries are accurately delineated. In royal 4to, price 14s. half-bound; coloured outlines, 10s.; or, full coloured, 18s.

Also, by the same Author,  
The English Learner. 8th Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Principles of Elocution. 16th Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Rhetorical Exercises; being a Sequel to the 'Principles of Elocution,' and intended for Pupils who have made considerable progress in Reading and Recitation. 2nd Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

## NEW WORKS,

Published for the respective Proprietors, at the  
NATIONAL LIBRARY OFFICE, 369, STRAND,  
and Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

NATIONAL LIBRARY UNIFORM EDITION OF  
STANDARD WORKS.

Next Week will commence, weekly, in double numbers, containing 32 columns royal 8vo., in a neat wrapper, price 2d., and in Monthly Parts,

THE REPUBLICATION  
OF  
ALL THE STANDARD WORKS  
ISSUED OR COMPLETED  
DURING THE LAST THIRTEEN MONTHS.

On Saturday, October 5, will be commenced, in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts,  
LIBRARY OF STANDARD MUSIC,

(Native and Foreign.)  
Edited by JOHN BARNETT,  
Composer to Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres.  
Presenting a complete, uniform, and cheap Edition of all the Vocal and Instrumental Works of STANDARD COMPOSERS.  
Every Week a number of Native and a Number of Foreign Music will be published, together or separate, the regular Music size, price

THREE-PENCE EACH.

Published at the National Library Office, and by W. Haver, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers and Music-sellers in Town and Country.

EVERY WEEK—SIZE OF 'THE TIMES,'  
ONLY TWO-PENCE.

THE ROVER:  
OR, SPIRIT OF DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
Containing Original Translations from the FRENCH, GERMAN and ITALIAN, and extracting the ESSENCE of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

EVERY WEEK, PRICE TWO-PENCE,  
DOUBLE THE SIZE OF THE PENNY MAGAZINE,  
AND EVERY MONTH,  
THE PIRATE; a Literary Summary.

Commencing Oct. 5, in Weekly Numbers, containing 36 pages, 18mo. royal, in a neat wrapper, and Monthly Parts,  
THE ACTING FRENCH DRAMA,  
Published immediately after its appearance in Paris, with a liberal ENGLISH TRANSLATION, adapted for the London Stage.

Every Week a Number of French and a Number of English, to be had separately, price Three-pence, or together, in alternate pages, price Sixpence.

Next Saturday, Oct. 5, will be published, as a Companion to the Penny and Saturday Magazines, No. 1. of the (Penny)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE,  
Beautifully illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood, by

Devoted to subjects chiefly National, illustrated with numerous Engravings, and calculated to render the British reader perfectly familiar with all the interesting features of his Native Country.—Its contents will comprise, among other points of information, sketches of National History, Biography, Memorial Anecdotes, Picturesque Scenes, Beauties, Antiquities, Curiosities, Heraldry, Consecutive Customs, &c.; together with a digest of our National History, Language, Grammar, Morals, and Systems of Education; Glances, graphic and descriptive, at our Public Buildings, National Galleries, and Institutions, &c. &c.

## UNPARALLELED CHEAPNESS.

Next Month will be commenced, in Weekly Numbers, containing 32 columns, 32mo. super-royal, price only THREE-PENCE,  
A DIAMOND POCKET LIBRARY.

Together or separate: WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE; BYRON'S DON JUAN; DICTIONARY; GAZETTEER, and a ROAD BOOK.

## A NEWSPAPER FOR SIXPENCE.

Stamp, 4d.; Paper, 3d.  
Every Saturday in time for post, and every Sunday. Office, 369, Strand. Publishers, Overyn, Catherine Street; and all News-men.  
To be commenced October 5, 1833.

THE EYE, or SUNDAY MONITOR;  
Conducted on moral and liberal principles, and devoted to useful information and general entertainment.

## SPLENDID NOVELTY!!!

This Week, Price only Two-pence,  
A BROADSIDE OF COMIC CUTS,  
printed on fine paper, the size of 'THE TIMES,'

presenting nearly  
ONE HUNDRED FIRST RATE ENGRAVINGS,  
By Seymour and — Dank, Esq.  
Selected from the early Numbers of 'The Comic Magazine.'

## THE COMIC MAGAZINE,

Price 1s.  
No. 19 ready with the Magazines.  
The FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD SERIES are now ready.

Every Month, with the Magazines, price only 6d.

Twelve Original Engravings, by — Dank, Esq.  
BURLESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
POPULAR AUTHORS.

No. 1. (for September) WILLIAM TELL, by J. S. Knowles, Esq.  
No. 2. (for October) VIRGINIA, by Ditto.  
N.B. The whole Press is enthusiastic in praise of these delightful facsimiles.

Country Agents required.

This day, in 8vo. embellished with a beautiful PORTRAIT of the DUCHESS, &c.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY  
IN LA VENDEE.

By GENERAL DERMONCOURT.

Comprising a Narrative of her singular Adventures, her Private Papers, and Secret Correspondence. Arranged and published by the General, with the Authority of the Duchess.

BULL and CHURTON, Library, 26, Holles-street, London.

Just imported, by J. B. Baillière, Foreign Bookseller, 219, Regent-street,

THE PARIS EDITION OF

MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE BERRY  
DANS LA VENDEE.

Par le Général DERMONCOURT.

1 vol. 8vo. orné d'un Portrait. Prix 7s. 6d.

## REVUE DES DEUX MONDES; a French and Foreign Review-

Magazine. Published in Paris and London twice a Month.

The Number for the 15th September contains—Révolution du Mexique en 1832, par un Officier de Marine—Une Conjuraison d'autrefois, par Th. Pyat—La Cornouaille, par E. Louvet—La Double Méprise de Mermine, par G. Flanque; &c. &c.

Subscription price for a Year, 2l. 8s.; Six Months, 1l. 6s.; Three Months, 15s. The London Agent is J. B. Baillière, to whom all Publications must be sent.

J. B. B. sells all French Publications at one shilling for one franc of the advertised price in Paris.

## THE MUSICAL CYCLOPEDIA;

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED ENGLISH, SCOTTISH,  
AND IRISH SONGS, WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC;  
AND AN ESSAY ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC.

CONDUCTED BY A NUMBER OF GENTLEMEN AMATEURS.

The MONTHLY PART for OCTOBER of this popular Work, price One Shilling, and also a QUARTERLY PART, price Three Shillings, will be ready with the Magazine.

The many flattering notices of the respectable portion of the press, and the consequent great and increasing demand for the 'Musical Cyclopædia,' are the best and most gratifying proofs the Publishers can adduce of its real merit.

London: ALLAN BELL & Co. Warwick-square; and SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, Stationers-court. Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and W. CURRY & Co. Dublin.

Who have just published,

In one 18mo. volume, illustrated with 14 characteristic Steel Plates, engraved expressly for the Work by LIAVA, from original Drawings.

2. THE ENTIRE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, with his Life, a Criticism on his Writings, &c. &c. By JAMES CURRIE, M.D. With an enlarged and corrected Glossary. In Morocco cloth boards, gilt edges, price 4s.; in silk, 5s.; or in Turkey Morocco, embossed with a well-executed Bust of the 'Immortal Bard,' 10s. 6d.

This is one of the marvels of Diamond Edition.—We have here, in one volume eighteen, *verbalis*, the whole substance of the Prose and Poetry of Scotland's glory and shame, Robert Burns, whose genius made immortal, and the Scottish nobility made an exciseman.—LIGHT HURST, vide True Sun.

3. THE DIAMOND NEW TESTAMENT; with Notes, Explanatory and Practical, by the Rev. HENRY STEBBING, A.M. M.R.S.L. Embellished with 12 beautiful Steel Engravings, from Drawings of the Old Masters. In Morocco cloth, 3s. 9d.; also in Turkey Morocco, and a variety of other bindings.

A very neat little pocket volume, illustrated with many engravings from the most celebrated pictures. The name of Mr. Stebbing is a security that the Notes are sensible, judicious, and orthodox.—*Advertiser*.

As a REWARD BOOK, in Schools of either young Gentlemen or young Ladies, or as a FRIENDLY PRESENT, the Diamond New Testament will be found inestimable, while from its beautiful Embellishments, and the intrinsic excellence of the Notes, it may with propriety be considered as a SCRIPTURE ANNUAL.

THE DIAMOND BIBLE, and the BOOK of COMMON PRAYER, also with Notes, and the latter with an Introduction by the Rev. H. STEBBING, A.M., are now in course of publication in Numbers. Each Number embellished with two Engravings, from the Great Masters.

To be published in October, and continued Quarterly, in folio-size 8vo. price 6s., neatly bound in Morocco cloth, and illustrated by upwards of 30 highly-coloured Plates.

THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. I., containing PARROTS. Edited by Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. F.R.S.E. F.A.S.; and Captain THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S. M.P.S. M.K.S. The Illustrations by J. B. KIDD, Esq. Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting, &c.

Specimens of the Illustrations of this very beautiful work may be seen at every Bookseller's in the Kingdom.

Smith, Elder, and Co. London; Andrew Shortrede, Edinburgh; and W. F. Wakeman, Dublin.

In a few days, in 1 vol. 8vo. with Plates,  
EXCURSIONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES,  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA, and VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,  
in the Years 1830-31-32, and therefore comprising the most Recent Account of the Actual Condition of these Colonies.

By Lieutenant BRETON, R.N.  
Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Nearly ready, in 3 vols. post 8vo.  
THE REAL V. A. N.  
By the Author of 'A Marriage in High Life.'

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS, complete for 6s. 1  
On the 11th of October, in a neat pocket volume, with 2 Plates and Memoir of the Author.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME;  
being a Translation of VICTOR HUGO's celebrated Romance, and forming the next Volume of THE STANDARD NOVELS and ROMANCES, publishing Monthly.

This cheap Collection of the most admired Modern Works of Fiction, now includes the Production of the following Popular Writers, printed uniformly with the Waverley Novels.

Cooper. The Misses Porter.  
Miss Austen. Mrs. Inchbold.  
Goswin. Madame de Staël.  
Schiller. Galt.  
Mrs. Brunton. The Misses Lee, &c.

Each Volume may be had separately, price 6s.  
Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

Just published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. price 21s. boards,  
TRADITIONARY STORIES OF OLD  
FAMILIES, and LEGENDARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
FAMILY HISTORY. With Notes, Historical and Biographical.

By ANDREW PICKEN,  
Author of 'The Donnie's Legacy,' &c. &c.

"Of these volumes we feel disposed to speak in unmeasured terms of approbation."—*Monthly Review*.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman.

10th edit. in 8vo. 1l. 1s.; or separate, Part I. for One Hundred Days, and One Month up to Twelve, 7s. 6d.

TABLES OF INTEREST, calculated at FIVE PER CENT. for any Sum from One to Ten Thousand Pounds, from ONE DAY TO THIRTY YEARS. Also, Tables for calculating from One-Fifth to Five per Cent. &c. &c.

By JOSEPH KING, Liverpool.  
Longman and Co., and C. Tilt, London; G. and J. Robinson, Liverpool.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GALT,  
Esq. is now ready, in 2 vols. 8vo. 24s., with superb Original Portrait.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."  
In a few days,

Aurungzebe; or, a Tale of Alraschid. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Cochran and McCrone, 11, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Shortly will be published,  
THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN, with  
EXTRACTS from his CORRESPONDENCE.

From Documents and Information, communicated by Mr. Kean, and the various Friends who were near Mr. Kean at the most important Periods of his Life.

Edward Mosson, Dover-street.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.  
Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country.